



THE

Tatler

WHERE WINTER BLOOMS

& Bystander 2s. weekly 11 Jan. 1961



Topolski's Coronation Murals



Is it an art or magic—all this snake charming stuff? Most people think it's magic, like making a good curry, yet everyone knows that's an art. In the East the whole thing's very complicated; they blend Coriander with Cumin with Chillies with Turmeric with Allspice with Caraway and Mustard and Cardamom and Cloves and Garlic and... oh goodness knows what else! The simplest way of tasting a really good curry of course is by opening a tin of Brand's. Chicken, Veal or Beef, you can't go wrong, just serve with your favourite vegetables or rice. Most people are eating Brand's tasty curries these days. It's the right thing to do, and apart from anything else, they make a wonderful meal.



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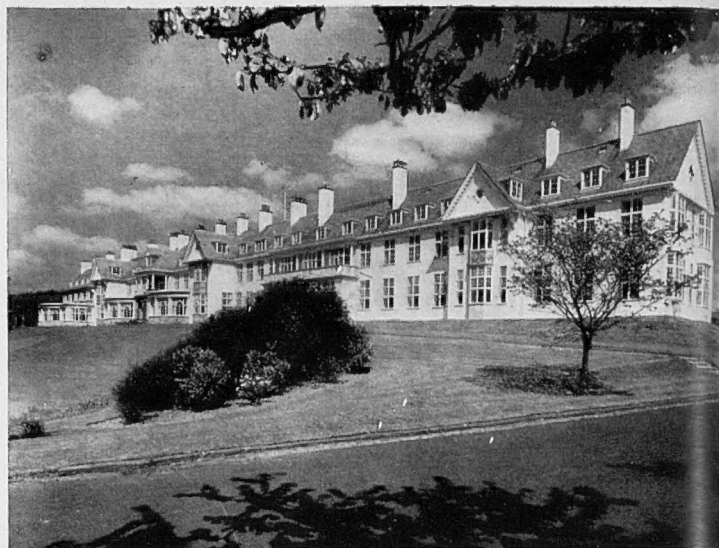
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXIX Number 3098

11 JANUARY 1961

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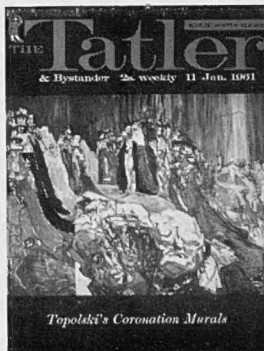
B

END OF A DOUBLE LIFE

WITH the publication this week of the first pictures of Feliks Topolski's commemorative Coronation murals for Buckingham Palace, an established Tatler contributor comes out from under his pseudonym. The commentary on the murals is written by Robert Wraight, who was a star of the *Star* (some would say its only star) in its last years. He reviewed plays with a sureness of judgment and felicity of phrase that was the equal of any in London. While he remained dramatic critic he was prevented from using his name for other writing, and that is why the section on galleries which he has been contributing for some months to *Verdicts* has been signed Alan Roberts. Now there is no longer any need for this double life, particularly as Wraight proposes to concentrate in future on his artistic interests, which were his first love. He trained at art school and was a cartoonist, illustrator, and picture journalist on national papers before he turned to writing. To celebrate his emergence from disguise, Robert Wraight this week writes twice for *The Tatler*—he reviews the Whitney collection at the Tate in his *Galleries* piece as well as assessing the art of Topolski in the text accompanying *Coronation commemorated* (page 53 onwards) . . .

Another unexpected touch in this number is the feature called *Where winter blooms* (page 65). This reveals a side to the royal parks that few visitors have noticed: there are no fewer than four acres of glasshouses in Hyde Park which provide potted plants for all the royal parks, palaces and official window boxes. Introduced is the man behind this agreeable work. . . . Seasonal in a similarly reversed sort of way is Roger Hill's brief guide to taking photographs indoors, which is about the only place you can take them regularly in the English winter. And it's much easier now, thanks to modern films and devices. See *Light on snaps when lumens are low* (page 68) . . .

The cover:



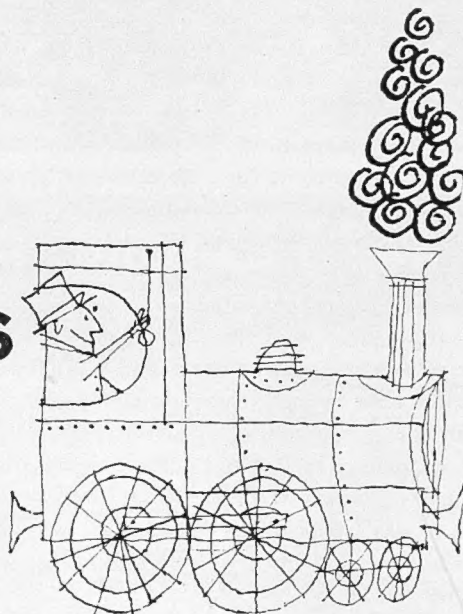
Sir Winston Churchill, Robert Menzies, Pandit Nehru and the late Premier Malan of South Africa can be distinguished in the foreground of this Coronation mural, photographed by MARK HARRISON. In robes behind are officers of the orders of knighthood, the standards and the Keeper of the Jewel House. For more Topolski murals see page 53

Next week: The new deal for gamblers . . .



CORNEL LUCAS

GOING PLACES



SIRIOL CLARRY

SOCIAL

In Switzerland

Field-Marshal Montgomery Cup, today and tomorrow, Gstaad.
Cresta Run Heaton Gold Cup, 12 & 13 January, St. Moritz.
British-Swiss Parliamentary Ski Race, 14 January, Davos
British Ladies' Ski Championships, 16/21 January, Villars.
Bob Run Boblet Grand Prix, 19 January, St. Moritz.
Cresta Run Curzon Cup, 19 & 20 January, St. Moritz.
Cresta Ball, 20 January, at the Kulm Hotel, St. Moritz.

At home

Oakley Hunt Ball, 13 January, at Tyringham House, Bucks.

Suffolk County Ball, 13 January, at the Athenaeum, Bury St. Edmunds.
Cinderella Ball (for 11 to 16-year-olds), 14 January, at St. Michael's School Hall, Graham Street, S.W.1, in aid of the League of Pity. Tickets 15s. (with buffet supper), from Mrs. Derrick Farniloe, Flat 2, 36 Queens Gate, S.W.7. (KNI 7940.)
Woodland Pytchley Hunt Ball, 14 January, at Deene Park, Corby, by kind permission of Mr. & Mrs. Brudenell.

SPORT

Race meetings: Wincanton, 12; Sandown Park, 13, 14; Birmingham, 14, 16; Lingfield Park, 18 January.
Rugby: Scotland v. South Africa, Murrayfield, Edinburgh; Wales v.

England, Cardiff, 21 January.
Squash rackets: Amateur Championship, Royal Automobile Club, to 16 January.
Hockey: North v. Rest of England, Brooklands, 21 January.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Aida*, 7 p.m., 13 January; Gluck's *Orpheus*, 7.30 p.m., 16, 18, 21 January; *La Bohème*, 7.30 p.m., 20 January. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Pineapple Poll*, *The Invitation*, *Sweeney Todd*, 12 January; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 7.30 p.m. tonight, 14, 19 January (also mats, 2.15 p.m., 14, 21 January); *Les Sylphides*, *The Invitation*, *Don Quixote*, *Façaade*, 7.30 p.m., 17 January.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Tannhäuser*, 7 p.m. tonight & 17 January; *Die Fledermaus*, 12 January; *Madam Butterfly*, 13 January; *La Tosca*, 14, 18 January, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Pete Burman's Jazz Tête-à-Tête, 8.30 p.m., 12 January; London Schools' Symphony Orchestra, 7 p.m., 16 January; Sir Adrian Boult conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra in "Music Of The Twentieth Century," with Yehudi Menuhin, 8 p.m., 17 January. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—The Age of Charles II, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

Picasso en Gravures, Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1, to 27 January.

Landscape for Living, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1, to 4 February.

Flower Paintings, Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 26 Conduit Street, W.1, to 28 January.

EXHIBITIONS

International Boat Show, Earls Court, to 14 January.

Camping & Outdoor Life Exhibition, Olympia, to 14 January.

Cook & Serve Exhibition, by Poole Pottery, Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, 13-28 January.

Pottery, Glass & Tableware Exhibition, Olympia, 16-21 January.

The Physical Society Exhibition, Royal Horticultural Society's Halls, Westminster, 16-20 January.

FIRST NIGHTS

Aldwych Theatre. *Ondine*, 12 January.

Arts Theatre. *Three*, 18 January.

St. Martin's Theatre. *The Bargain*, 19 January.

Royalty Theatre. *Masterpiece*, 26 January.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 79.

The Duchess Of Malfi. "... an attempt to show how much life is left in an old play. ... Mr. Hall's company get through the perilous undertaking by the skin of their teeth." Peggy Ashcroft, Eric Porter, Patrick Wymark, Max Adrian. (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404.)

Watch It Sailor! "... whatever the King & Cary team did for their 1½ million listeners in *Sailor Beware!* they have done it again—exactly." Kathleen Harrison, Cyril Smith, Esma Cannon, Josephine Massey. (Apollo Theatre, GER 2663.)

The Art Of Living. "... one feels a helpless warming of the heart ... deftly arranged ... a bright and lively little show." Hiram Sherman, Graham Stark, Carole Shelley, Barbara Evans. (Criterion Theatre, WHI 3216.)

The Bride Comes Back. "... the three principals know well how to create cosiness on the stage ... the plot depends on keeping us guessing who is from heaven, who is from hell and who is from Barley Street." Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert, Robertson Hare. (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 80.

G.R. = General release

The Three Worlds Of Gulliver. "... normal-size human beings, six-inch Lilliputians and 60-foot Brobdingnagians, all alive, alive oh! ... and a handsome Gulliver." Kerwin Mathews, Gregoire Aslan. G.R.

Song Without End. "... the life story of Franz Liszt ... much to admire and enjoy ... splendid bravura performance ... an extremely handsome film altogether." Dirk Bogarde, Genevieve Page, Capucine, Ivan Desney, Martita Hunt. G.R.

Elmer Gantry. "... controversy raged over the novel ... it might well rage again over the film, but for a different reason—the director has pulled his punches ... the film admirably recaptures the hysteria of revivalist meetings." (Leicester Square Theatre, WHI 5252.)

Shadows. "... an honest picture of contemporary life ... warm and human, and tenderly poetic in its handling of the emotions of the young." Lelia Goldoni, Hugh Hurd, Ben Carruthers, David Pokitellow. (Academy Cinema, GER 2981.)

GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland



ONE OF THE FICTIONS OF LONDON night life is that there occur from time to time club owners who have a heart of gold beating beneath the flinty exterior they present to the world. Probably the first of these angels in disguise was the famous "Ma" Merrick at the 43 Club. How many times have we been told the story of how she would charge the bill of some impoverished but blue-blooded client to the account of another customer who could pay?

For the many years of her reign at the Cavendish Hotel the immortal Rosa Lewis enjoyed the same reputation and some say that Millie Hoey, proprietress of the Bag o' Nails in Kingly Street, was of the same kidney. The odd thing about these stories is that the teller is always the beneficiary. "Dear old Rosa," they say with a reminiscent gleam in their eye, "of course, I never got a bill there, but she used to charge plenty to people she didn't like." Personally I believe all these tales to be unadulterated nonsense. Possibly because, having known Rosa Lewis and Millie Hoey as well as most, I never recollect escaping their clutches without paying—and paying what I regarded as plenty.

These thoughts passed through my mind when I got the bill at a well-known club off Berkeley Square the other night. I had dropped in to see their famous Anglo-American cabaret and, having partaken of a couple of glasses of gin, I called for the bill. It came to a shade over £6, which struck me as excessive. When I ventured to complain, the management pointed out blandly that they had added the bill of an acquaint-

tance of mine who had been sitting at the next table. He had, alas, just left. The club's solution to this problem did not seem to them to be in the least bit odd.

Sharing a taxi home with band-leader Harry Roy the other night I came across another late-night shakedown. The driver had taken us from the West End to Kensington when I asked him to take Harry on to his address on the other side of the Park. "That," he said, "will be double fare. You see, it will be over six miles." In this instance the distance was substantially less but it does raise a point. I have always understood that the six-mile rule which entitles a driver to charge double fare applies only when the journey is so far out of town as to make it unlikely for the driver to get a return fare. Reasonable enough. But, suppose one was eccentric enough to drive up and down Piccadilly until six miles had been put on the clock, would the driver on being paid off at Piccadilly Circus be entitled to demand double fare? I hope not, but neither the police nor taxi-drivers whom I have questioned on this matter have provided any clear answer.

Incidentally, harking back to the Cavendish Hotel, the Bag o' Nails and other well remembered landmarks of London life, I must mention that fine old institution, the Savoy Turkish Baths in Jermyn Street. Open all night, the Baths provide a home-from-home for all sorts of men who go places really late.

Besides jockeys, you will find most nights a heterogeneous collection of politicians, actors, business-

men *et al.*, variously nursing hangovers, getting fit, or simply finding themselves an economical bed for the night because they missed the last train home. At 21s., with Turkish Bath thrown in, this must surely be one of the cheapest ways of spending a night in London. For the uninitiated, you don't have to sleep actually in the Turkish bath—indeed, you don't even need to take a bath at all. You can sleep



C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Kettners, 29 Romilly Street, Soho. (GER 3437.) Open Sundays. For a restaurant to maintain a consistently high standard of popularity for 35 years is no mean achievement. Kettners' reputation is based on its policy of offering a wide range of cooking, including the best of British dishes, allied to a large and interesting wine list. The décor is pleasant and tables spaced comfortably. Prices are moderate, and a good meal can be had for under 20s., excluding wine. Famous in Edwardian days for its *chambres privées*, Kettners has now a range of self-contained suites for parties of varying sizes. W.B.

COUNTRY WEEKEND

With Christmas over and the children back at school it is an understanding husband who takes his wife away for a weekend's rest from the cooker and sink. Here are two suggestions. Near London the Compleat Angler at Marlow is warm, comfortable, furnished in the best of good taste, with good food and friendly service. Philip Churchman is the general manager.

it off in a bed upstairs and, if you feel strong enough, have a reasonable breakfast served to you in bed the following morning. If you do risk the bath, it is customary to tip the strong-arm men, like ex-boxer George Mitchell, whose highly scientific massaging is all part of the experience. Otherwise there are no extra charges. Bad luck for women, but nothing like this seems to exist for them.

GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

Double room with bathroom £4 per night. Dinner 25s. Dancing to Tommy Kinsman on Saturdays.

Farther afield there is the Beaufort at Tintern Abbey in the lovely Wye valley. Recently Mr. W. Graham, who used to look after the messing of the Coldstream Guards, built on a new bedroom wing with private bathrooms. The beds are notably comfortable, the water always boiling hot. The food is excellent, the staff helpful. Double room with bathroom and breakfast costs £3 10s.

WINE NOTE

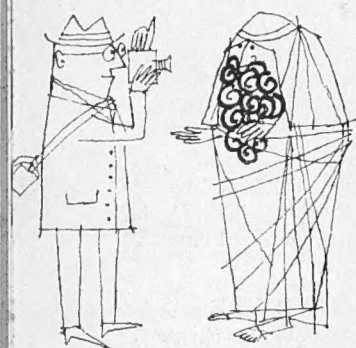
What wines should one choose for an extra special occasion, when cost is a secondary consideration? A recent luncheon held at Smith & Hoey's Trinity Vaults provided one good answer to the question. Before it we drank a glass of Pommery and Greno non-vintage champagne; with the fish a white burgundy, Chevalier Montrachet "Les Demoiselles," 1955. With the main meat course went two red burgundies, Beaune Clos des Ursules 1955 and Beaune Vignes Franches 1947. All three were from the famous burgundy house of Louis Jadot, bottled in France. A glass of Taylor's Vintage Reserve Port was followed by a Grande Fine Champagne 1906.

BRIGGS by Graham





Manhattan from Governor's Island



GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

Memo on Manhattan

THE off-season air fare to New York (operable until March 31) makes it no more expensive to reach than many of Europe's more far-flung fare stages. What a bonus to be able to get there at all for as little as £125 return. And—at any rate in B.O.A.C.'s Economy Class—to be so comfortable and well attended *en route* that London seems only the 2½ hours away that separate the 3.00 departure and the 5.30 arrival, local times.

On the other hand, some misleading nonsense is talked about how cheap it is to stay there. A visit last month convinced me that it is fair neither to New York nor to any visitor (*sans* expense-account) to pretend that it can be enjoyed on a shoe string.

I find New York a place in which one must either be rich enough to take a taxi, or patient enough to walk. The subway, just like the Metro and the Underground, is one terrifying marathon of incomprehensible symbols and surging humanity, which I commend to nobody without a well-seasoned taste for punishment. The buses are a stage better, but you must do your own spade work on the routings. The driver who crouches over his wheel is also responsible for taking the cash, issuing the tickets, and operating a couple of suction doors. One of the hardest worked men in the city, his reply to

an airy question about where to get off for Sak's can be terse. On the other hand, the very ether of New York, charged with vitality as it is, makes walking more pleasure and less effort than in any other city I know.

For the purpose of shopping and eating (although certainly not of *knowing* Manhattan), the central, walkable area is a rectangle from 35th Street to Central Park South, bound on the west by Sixth Avenue, and on the East by Second. It encompasses the nicest hotels such as St. Regis (\$27 upwards for a double room with bath), and others where you *can* get the same for around \$12. But for the sake of living in the centre, it is worth compromising on a dollar or two more for your hotel, rather than double each day's bill in taxi fares.

Two other considerations are worth making. The first is that many midtown restaurants put on a lunch for almost half the price they charge for dinner. An excellent example is the Café St. Denis, on 53rd Street at Fifth, where one lunches most pleasantly for \$3. An alternative is to breakfast late and substantially at a café or drug-store for a dollar, and save the big guns for the evening. Not that the big guns need be all *that* heavy. Sardi's, considering its reputation, is not expensive. Crowded and expectant, it is the mecca of celebri-

ties, both the hunters and the hunted. But it provides, in addition to a collection of museum-worthy cartoon portraits, as spectacular a gallery of theatre people as you're likely to see at short range. ("Have you seen anybody interesting?" I heard a lady ask, just behind Jack Lemmon's left ear.)

55th Street and 56th Street, just off Fifth Avenue, are both lined with a surprisingly reasonable choice of restaurants. The pearl of the area is undoubtedly the Auberge de France. Small and intimate, with a menu that includes *cervelles*, *cassoulet*, and *saucisson en croûte*, it is a good deal more French than many of the more famous Gallic temples. A conversation in his own language with the patron, and a European appreciation of his food and wines, pay dividends. Another memorable French restaurant where the prices are not exorbitant is the Marmiton, 41 East 49th Street.

The long and sometimes seedy straggle of Second Avenue can also reward. Mike Manuche, for instance, at 45th Street, is lively, small and chic, with a bias towards Italian cuisine. The Palm, opposite, has a sawdust floor, murals, characters, and excellent grills. In fact, East 45th, between Lexington and Second, is known as Steak Row, housing Johnny Johnson's Steak House, Danny's Hideaway and the Press Box. On Third Avenue, just up and down from 45th, the trend is toward good seafood places: the kind where live lobster, clams and sea urchins decorate the window—an especially good one is Rick's. An Irish step or two away from Rick's is one of the more memorable bars, Tim Costello's. If you can get him to talk, Mr. Costello will regale you into the small hours with reminiscences of Yeats and Dylan Thomas, Steinbeck and John O'Hara ("an awkward man"), and James Thurber, whose original drawings

decorate the walls. One of the nicest little night clubs in the area is the Living Room, with a small-scale but excellent cabaret. Or, if you like it hot, Basin Street just up the road.

So much for a network of small fleshpots at what might be called *working* New Yorker prices. But the visitor should not ignore the obvious which the New Yorker like all natives of all big cities, tends to pass by. For example, the steamer trips that circle the island, the Staten Island ferry ride across New York Bay, the sight from the top of the Empire State or Rockefeller Centre—especially at dusk, when the lights are pale against the dark violet geometry of the buildings. Watch the skaters, like some contemporary Brueghel, down below in the Plaza; listen to chamber music as a Medici might have in the glorious forecourt of the Frick Museum, surrounded by one of the best small collections of paintings in the world; walk through Central Park—one of the most beautiful oases of any city—to the Metropolitan Museum, on a cool, clear morning. And should your feet or your back give out at the end of it all, you may still find a taxi driver worth his fare in conversation. "I study psychology, see?" said one of my favourites. "But my clients don't have to lay down on a couch. They sit up and talk."

These hotels charge \$12 or under per night for an adequate double room and bath. I don't know each one personally but those I haven't stayed in have been recommended to me: Times Square, 43rd Street & Broadway; Tudor, 304 East 42nd Street; Woodward, Broadway & 55th Street; Chesterfield, 130 West 49th Street; Henry Hudson, 353 West 57th Street; Prince George, 14 East 28th Street, & Statler Hilton, 7th Avenue & 32nd Street.

GOING PLACES AT HOLIDAY TIME

Pantomimes

Cinderella, by Rodgers & Hammerstein. Jimmy Edwards, Arthur Howard, Joan Heal, Gillian Lynne. (Adelphi, TEM 7611.)

Turn Again Whittington. Norman Wisdom, Yana, Desmond Walter-Ellis. (Palladium, GER 7373.)

Children's

Toad Of Toad Hall. Gerald Campion, Richard Goolden. (Westminster, VIC 0283.) To 21 Jan.

Emil & The Detectives. John Bosch, Norman Seace, Gerard Menuhin, Mike Hall. (Mermaid, CIT 7656.) To 28 Jan.

Peter Pan. Julia Lockwood, Juliet Mills. (Scala, MUS 5731.) To 28 Jan.

The Misadventures Of Mr. Pickwick. (Unity, EUS 5391.) To 22 Jan.

The Imperial Nightingale. (Arts, VIC 3334.) To 14 Jan.

Circus

Tram Mills Circus. (Olympia, VIC 3333.) To 4 Feb.

Shows

White & The Seven Dwarfs. (Wembley, WEM 1234.)

Light opera

Nutcracker. (Festival Ballet, 1 Festival Hall, WAT 3191.) To Jan.

White & Sullivan. (Prince's, TEM 7611.) To 18 Feb.

Gay For Daisy! (Lyric, Hammer, RIV 5526.) To end of Jan.

Shakespeare

Tenth Night. Stratford Memorial Theatre Company. (Aldwych, TEM 6104.) To 1 Feb.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. (Old Vic, WAT 7616.) To Mid-February.

Crazy Gang

Young In Heart. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.)

Films

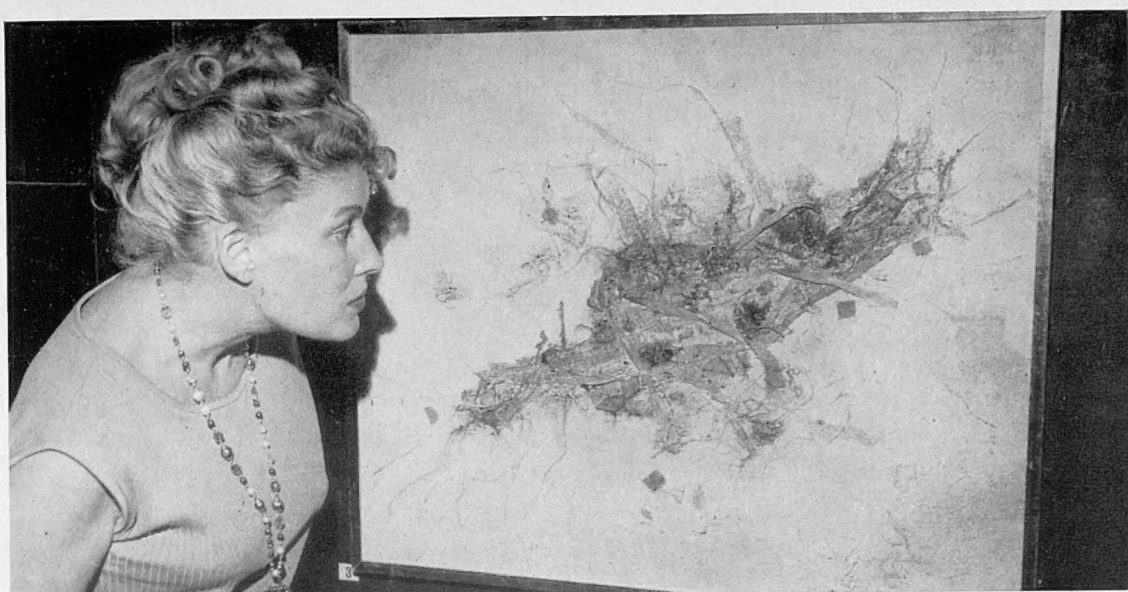
Swiss Family Robinson. Disney film, with John Mills. (Studio One, GER 3300.) See review on page 80.

The Bulldog Breed, with Norman Wisdom. (New Victoria, VIC 2544.)

South Pacific. (Dominion, MUS 2176.)

South Seas Adventure. Cinerama. (London Casino, GER 6877.)

Ben-Hur. (Empire, Leicester Square, GER 1234.)



Pictures out of a hat

Mrs. Haddon-Squire with *Restinomy* by Canadian artist William Newcombe

Ticket-holders (15 gns. a go) tried to spot the work of famous artists at the I.C.A.'s picture fair, an annual holiday time draw.

The pictures, donated by the artists, had signatures concealed.

When your number came up you might take home a collector's piece

PHOTOGRAPHS: MAURICE KAYE



Mrs. Eileen Klein's ticket came up first. She chose No. 40, the Picasso



Artist Gillian Ayres made the draw. With her are Mr. Roland Penrose, chairman of the I.C.A., & (right) Mrs. Dorothy Morland, its director



Mrs. Tom Holzbog chose an Austin Cooper when her number was drawn

Count Manfred Czernin, son Nicholas & mother the Hon. Mrs. Fros!



Lord Faringdon studies the Picasso, a recent drawing in coloured chalks





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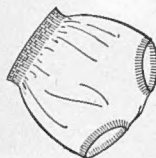
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CORONATION

Five years after the Abbey ceremony Feliks Topolski (above) was commissioned, by Prince Philip, to paint a panorama of it from sketches he made at the time. Completed last year, the panels now line a gallery (below) at Buckingham Palace

COMMEMORATED



CORONATION COMMEMORATED

continued

COMMENTARY: ROBERT WRAIGHT

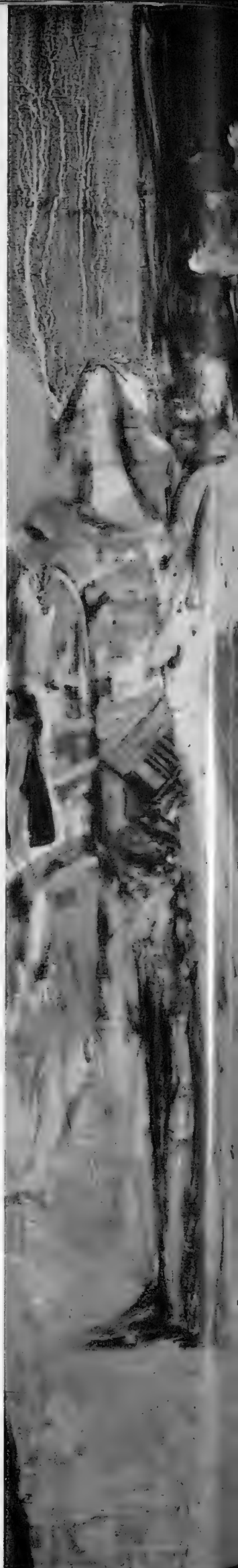


WITH his two great panoramic interpretations of the Coronation now installed in Buckingham Palace and his extensive decorations in the new Carlton Tower Hotel completed, Feliks Topolski has suddenly become as fashionable as his drawing is contemporary. My own acquaintance with his work began soon after he came from Poland to settle in this country (in 1935) and, as I write, I have in front of me cuttings of drawings he made for the *News Chronicle* shortly afterwards, and which I have saved ever since. One of these drawings is of cricket at Lord's, another of Sir Stafford Cripps. Even then, everything was grist to Topolski's voracious mill. But what interests me most about these drawings is not the subjects but the style of the drawing. It is the same style as that of these Coronation murals. It has become stronger, more involved, more violent, but it is basically the same.

Topolski, too, has remained basically the same. Success has not changed his radical outlook. Of the paintings at Buckingham Palace he says:

"... these two panoramas are not meant to be a plodding document of uniforms and portraits. It was in agreement with my patron that the 'literary' meaning and obedience to processional order should be subjugated to the compositional sweep, the calligraphy of movement—to the 'mood'; that these should not be informative paintings; that they should be contemporary paintings in the sense of their independence of old conventions, free to roam over the panels' surface and over the time before and after the Coronation. My 'Coronation' proposes to be a portrait of today's Britain in my own terms. . . ."

Detail (left) from Panel 1a shows choirboys and a royal group consisting of Prince Philip's mother, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret. Below: The Queen, holding orb and sceptre, walks in front of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Right: Prince Philip and a Gentleman-at-Arms



Because it is by Topolski it is inevitable that this "portrait of today's Britain" should include not only the pomp of the peerage but also the circumstance of the road sweeper and the beggar, not only the panoply of the Establishment but also the protest of the nonconformist. Involuntarily Topolski has become the pictorial-chronicler of his time. Everywhere he goes he scribbles (his own word) and what a superb, passionate scribbler he is. Out of the maze of his lines emerges the character under the ermine robe or the filthy rags. Out of the seemingly wild flurry of his

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



In group of foreign rulers can be spotted the Crown Prince of Japan, the Sultan of Zanzibar and Queen Salote of Tonga



Famous nonconformists include Earl Russell (with pipe), Augustus John, the late Aneurin Bevan, and John Osborne



CORONATION COMMEMORATED

concluded

drawing there come, to the thoughtful viewer, thunderous echoes of great or terrible things—war on the Russian Front, the Nuremberg Trial, the division of India, the first meeting of the United Nations, and so on. No artist can surpass him today in his ability to capture the seething mass of humanity.

To each drawing Topolski brings not only a tremendous vitality but a penetrating eye as well, and often the combination is too powerful to be contained by pen or pencil, and demands the more telling medium of paint. As a painter he is still primarily a calligrapher, for whom colour is secondary and decorative. But working with paint and brush on a large scale he releases the pent-up power of the drawings. So it was with the hundreds of sketches he made in Westminster Abbey and in the streets of London at the time of the Coronation. And when, five

From "scribbles" at the time, Topolski made hundreds of reference sketches and arranged them in sequence before painting. One panorama is 64 ft. long, the other 36 ft.

years later, in 1958, Prince Philip commissioned these paintings, he provided Topolski with the final stimulus to do something which the artist had long felt must be done. I talked to Topolski this week at his studio in an arch of Hungerford Bridge and found him working on further epic compositions: two huge panels—12 ft. by 24 ft. and 12 ft. by 32 ft.—into which he will pour the immense piles of material he has accumulated over the years and which "now need a home." "These compositions," he says, "will be a sort of memoir for myself and will go on endlessly." He is obsessed with the myriad life around him and remains a humanitarian and a romantic in a world in which, for an artist, this is almost a crime. He satirizes his fellow human beings, often bitterly, but he never deserts them for the arid desert of "pure" painting, where no prospect pleaseth and man is positively vile.



*Miss Philippa
Bell, daughter of
Brig. Geoffrey Bell*

New Year in St. Moritz

MURIEL BOWEN SENDS A REPORT
WITH PICTURES BY TOM HUSTLER

WITH its blobs of snow on each tree, bells jingling on horsedrawn sleighs, and coloured bulbs lighting the village street, St. Moritz looks the same as ever—but there seem to be changes afoot. For a start, the Services are beginning to dominate the British element. **Rear-Adm. G. C. Ross** has been telling me how they have made St. Moritz their winter-sports headquarters, and more than 1,500 Servicemen, with wives and families, will come here this season. The admiral heads the non-official, non-profitmaking Services Winter Sports Holiday Schemes. "The whole thing has grown fantastically," he said. "We had to ballot for the 1,500 places. I run a Viscount every fortnight between London and Zurich from mid-December to mid-March in order to help bring them out."

Anybody who has spent seven years or more in the

Services is eligible to partake in the scheme which costs from about £34 for a fortnight's ski-ing and transport. Wives and children also benefit.

I met the admiral at the party he and his wife gave at the Schweizerhof, in one of those cosy rooms peculiar to Swiss houses, with shiny wooden walls and gaily clad wall brackets. Through the windows we could see a fall of snow lighting up the dusk. I learnt that his wife is making plans for their move to a new London house, close to the party-giving Fairbankses. **Rear-Adm. Keith Campbell-Walter** was at the party with his wife, and so were their daughter and son-in-law, **Baron & Baroness Thyssen**, who are staying at their mountain chalet nearby for the season. Mrs. Campbell-Walter is as charming and attractive as her daughter Fiona.

Also at the party were: Mr. & Mrs. **T. D. Richardson**, Mr. & Mrs. **Walter Garrett**, Mr. **John Ross**, son of Sir **Archibald Ross**, our new ambassador to Portugal, **Col. & Mrs. Jack Benwell**, and **Major-Gen. & Mrs. Dick Barry** from NATO headquarters. The general takes his exercise at St. Moritz on skates—the only skating general I've ever come across. **Major-General Gerald Weston**, also at the party, was telling me that it was his first ski-ing holiday for 22 years. "I'm having great fun," he told me. "Though, mind you, they do things very differently now. For instance the sort of turns I do, well nobody does those sort of turns anymore."

THE CHANGE TO THE SHORTER SKI

Technique and new inventions are something that every other skier here talks about. And here too there are changes. Equipment of all sorts, I gather, has been given impetus since last year's Olympics at Cortina. At one shop I looked at a pair of boots with the label: "*Worn by a Gold Medallist at Cortina.*" They were soft and pliable, so civilized after the chain-gang shackles one has only got used to through years of wear.

I notice that beginners and those who haven't skied for years are using the shorter skis. They find they get

*Miss Georgina
horn, last year's
British Junior Ski
Champion*



New Year in St. Moritz CONTINUED

proficient on these much more quickly than on the standard size ones. Adm. Ross told me: "I find the short skis very good but I don't think many people realize the advantages." For one thing you can turn with only a small fraction of the power used with ordinary skis. Also, learning the basic techniques results in fewer falls. This is an especially good point with beginners, as it is reckoned that more than half of those who go ski-ing give it up after their first holiday.

Not that this is a point likely to weigh with **Col. "Bill" Murphy** ("it's my cousins who make the whiskey, we're the holy Murphys"), honorary representative here of the Ski Club of Great Britain. "You never get hurt ski-ing if you're fit," proclaims the colonel with ringing authority. "And you never get fit running *down* hill, you get fit running and walking *up* hill, 900 ft. or so every morning first thing . . . though saying so makes people think I'm a terrible dragon!"

For early risers it's one of the sights of St. Moritz to see

the colonel, frost glistening on his well-trimmed moustache, setting off for the slopes with the St. Moritz Junior Training Group. This is one of several young groups (aged 11-18) training in the Alps from which our 1964 Olympic Teams will be drawn. The training is largely sponsored by the Services and the Ski Club of Great Britain, and it has been going on for the past couple of years.

"If we are to beat the other flatlanders—the Belgians, the Dutch and so on—in international competition these children have got to be picked, and trained, while they're very young," said the colonel. At last year's Olympics our representatives were all under the age of 18 and all graduated out of groups like this. Though some are only aged 12 this year they have already won their Ski Club gold medals. One of the girls, **Georgina Hawthorn** from Oxford, whose parents have a chalet here, was last year's British Junior Champion. It is all most impressive, especially as virtually all of it is done on a financial shoestring.

Morning mist over St. Moritz lasts till nearly lunch time. In foreground: the skating and curling rinks





Mrs. W. B. Thompson rests after lunch at the Zuberhut

A gala evening at Suvretta House featured a show of clothes by Maggy Rouff

COVER COMING AT THE CRESTA?

Changes too are in prospect at the Cresta. It is planned to build a substantial pavilion at Junction where spectators and riders could get warm drinks and watch the run through large picture windows. Remembering how cold it was in the early morning when I was there I was relieved to hear this. I only survived because Mr. **Fairchilds MacCarthy**, secretary of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, invited me into his centrally-heated control box.

Mr. MacCarthy, an American with hawklike features, looks remarkably like "Monty"—a more benevolent edition of the original. At the end of January the field-marshal has his first visit to St. Moritz and many of Mr. MacCarthy's friends are hoping that the two will meet.

The day I was watching the run there were several beginners, among them Mr. **Richard Campbell-Walter**, who was being instructed by that "maestro" of the Cresta, Mr. **Serge Ovsievsky**. Everybody safely negotiated the perilous bends, including Mr. "Chips" Cartier from London, and Mr. **Arnold Von Bohlen und Halbach**, Oxford undergraduate nephew of the German industrialist Alfred Krupp. Since last season several new British members of the Cresta have been elected and they were expected along for a go a little later on. They include **Viscount Reidhaven**, the **Hon. John Denison-Pender**, **Capt. J. G. Howard, R.H.A.**, and **Sir Mark Norman, Bt.**, and Mr. **Hamish Connel**.

The Bobsleigh Run has just started, and well-known bob devotees such as the **Earl of Suffolk & Berkshire** (he's the European Two-Bob Champion), Mr. **Tony Nash**, Mr. **Guy Renwick**, Mr. **Simon Fraser**, Mr. **Andrew Hedges**, and Mr. **Tony Slesinger** are getting in practice runs for next month's World Bobsleigh Championships at Lake Placid, New York. The American run has fewer turns than the St. Moritz one, but it is much faster—which increases the danger element. I talked to Lord Suffolk about it at the flat he and his new wife have taken overlooking the lake. He's already shipped two bobs from Venice and he flies over later in the month.

Lady Suffolk, a vivacious Frenchwoman with a wonderful shade of auburn hair, was to have gone too but now she has decided against it. She is expecting a baby and intends to await its arrival at their Paris flat. The Suffolks were

married in Paris and I noticed that Lord Suffolk wears the slim band of gold favoured by husbands on the Continent.

Another change: during the day the great meeting-place of British visitors is Chantarella, an enchanting little place not far up the mountains from St. Moritz. You get a substantial luncheon "snack" here. Afterwards there are deckchairs with footrests for those who want to recoup energies after the morning's exertions. For the British Chantarella has taken the place of Corviglia, now virtually the preserve of rich Continental merchants.

In the evening the hotels in St. Moritz are crammed. At the Palace, where I stayed, a big New Year's Eve gala saw 1961 well in and the big social event ahead, the Bobsleigh Ball on 4 February, is already being discussed. Mr. **Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight** were at the Palace from Boxing Day, he for a week and she for two. Their daughter Amanda was with them, but not their elder daughter Camilla, now Mrs. Michael Bowater. "She's too busy housekeeping," Mr. Straight told me.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Baron & Baroness Thyssen with their daughter Francesca, almost three. They were at their chalet outside St. Moritz



The Earl & Countess of Suffolk on their balcony overlooking the lake





Mr. A. C. Carter of the U.K. team sets off down the Cresta

New Year in St. Moritz CONTINUED

Others at the Palace are: Mr. & Mrs. **Patrick Guinness**, Mr. & Mrs. **Peter Barlow**, Mr. & Mrs. **Punch Barlow**, Mr. **Winston Churchill** (he skied in the Anglo-Swiss University races), **Col. F. T. Davies** & the **Hon. Mrs. Davies**, Mr. **P. Rubirosa**, Mrs. "Tina" **Livanos**, and Mr. & Mrs. **H. M. Oppenheim** from Surrey.

COMING: POLO ON SNOW

Mr. & Mrs. **Marcus Sieff**, both great travellers, are due later and so are **Sir Gordon & Lady Richards**, always welcome additions to the curling ranks.

Sir Gordon's visit won't be a getaway from horses, as he likes the occasional ride while he's here. Indeed Shine, the grey hack he used to use when watching his string at work on the Downs, is now here and used as a riding horse by Mr. **Stavros Niarchos**, who paid a fleeting visit to his chalet during the holiday. Riding in the snow may sound dangerous but in St. Moritz it's so usual that Miss **G. Leuenberger** (she used to look after the horses of the Waterford Hunt)

runs a high-standard manège down by the lake. I had a delightful ride along snow-covered woodland paths on an old German show-jumper of hers. Incidentally, St. Moritz is staging what is believed to be the first-ever international polo tournament on snow, from 4 to 12 March. It's certainly an idea, though plenty of people here are dubious about the likelihood of good polo on snow. Hurlingham rules will prevail, I'm told, and a black ball will be used.

Each hotel has its quota, admittedly a small one, of English guests. The Kulm (a centre for Cresta riders and where the Cresta Ball takes place on 20 January) has the **Hon. Derek & Mrs. Moore-Brabazon**, **Lt.-Col. Alastair Villiers**, Mr. **R. B. Dick** over from his Scottish castle, **Sir Louis & Lady Gluckstein**, **Major & Mrs. C. F. Krabbe**, and Mrs. **Edward de la Motte** and her son John who arrived feeling the worse after a car smash in London which wrecked their car. The whole top floor of the Kulm has been rebuilt and a number of suites added since last year. Mr. **F. W. Herrling**, the manager, told me: "Even so we are not able to meet the demand for suites, and for rooms at top prices."

I spent a gay and amusing evening at Suvretta House, an hotel outside the village, with an English country-house atmosphere. There was a fashion parade by **Maggy Rouff** (high hats still *in*, and long-waisted short evening dresses *very in*, according to Mme. R.).

Lots of regulars staying at Suvretta House. They included Mr. & Mrs. **A. Ehrman** from London (they've been coming "since December 1910"), and Mr. **William A. Shakman** from Chalfont St. Giles. He started his St. Moritz visits after World War One, and has been coming as regularly as wars and travel restrictions permit ever since. Suvretta also has quite an invasion of Astors. **Viscount Astor** has arrived with his bride of a few months, the former Bronwen Pugh. There's also the **Hon. J. J. Astor**, and the **Hon. William Astor** with some young companions.

The newly elevated **Hugh Fraser** arrived with his wife and Hugh Jr., and Mr. **R. Tovey** (the man whom everybody contemplating a big property deal consults first) is also in the party. Mr. & Mrs. **Sidney Bernstein** are others at Suvretta and there are also Mr. & Mrs. **Stanley A. Gregory**, Mr. & Mrs. **K. F. Craggs**, and Mr. **Patrick & the Hon. Mrs. de Laszlo**.

Next week I shall be writing from Klosters.

At lunch on the slopes: Rear-Admiral George Ross, chairman of the Combined Services Winter Sports Association since 1951. With him are Mrs. Ross and daughters Fiona and Vicky



Mr. H. Connel on the Cresta

A 'BLUES' WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY TOM HUSTLER



*Mary Gore-Langton and
Lucinda Prior-Palmer were
two of the six child bridesmaids*



*The bride with Lady
Masham. Right: Mrs.
C. Murray with the recently
married Marquess & Mar-
chioness of Milford Haven*

Miss Caroline York, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher York, of Long Marston Manor, York, was married to Capt. Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt., Royal Horse Guards. The reception was at the Hyde Park Hotel



*Bride and groom (left) cut
the cake. Above: Leaving
for their honeymoon*



The Hon. Mrs. Luke White



Warrant officers and n.c.o.s formed the guard of honour



*The Hon. Robin
Cayzer, one of the six
pages who wore
Horse Guards uniforms
of the Waterloo period*

With 800 people crowding Edinburgh's Assembly Rooms, a succession of reels, and the skirl of the pipes at midnight, the Victoria League Ball—held for the first time in winter instead of during the Queen's Holyroodhouse visit—provided a



*Miss Tessa Prain with
Capt. James Barber, son of
Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber*



*Mr. & Mrs. J. Greig Dunbar,
Lord & Lady Provost of Edinburgh*

*Right: The Countess of Mar
president of the*

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

*Mrs. A. Maxtone Graham, ball
chairman, with Col. W. S. Baird,
Scottish Victoria League secretary*

*Mr. Carl Wilson helps
Miss Pamela Miller
with a zip*

*Mr. James Dundas, chairman of
the League in Scotland, and
Lady Headley, ball vice-chairman*



*The Hon. Jamie Dewar, elder
son of Lord & Lady Forteviot*

Hogmanay rehearsal



The ballroom during a reel. There were so many guests that supper needed three sittings

Mrs. George Lowe, one of the ball committee, was a helper on the tombola



IT SHAN'T HAPPEN HERE

BY CLAUD COCKBURN

"If railways are constructed in this country, widespread insanity among the peasantry will be one inevitable result."

This was the thoughtful verdict of an Imperial Commission set up in early 19th-century Russia to decide whether to build railways, like other people, was going to be a good thing for the country or a bad one. The evidence of medical experts was fairly decisive. They testified that the sight of trains whizzing by at 30 or 40 miles an hour would bring madness to men working in the fields. Not just because of the monstrous novelty of it all, but because the swivelling of the eyeballs in an effort to follow the literally vertiginous speed of the iron horse would give such a wrench to the muscles and nerves of the upper head as would twist the moujiks' brains into permanent knots every time the 8.15 for St. Petersburg dashed past the *dachas*.

When irresponsible people said "*But others have railways, why can't we?*" they were told to stop going on and on about abroad and get a better appreciation of their own national temperament.

The Commission was ultimately over-ruled, but its members would be happy indeed to know that the spirit which animated it is still lively in what some people call modern England. And it's the spirit that counts—the spirit which tells us that however harmlessly, and even beneficially, some social gadget or gimmick may work elsewhere, it would have England on the dogward path in less time than it takes to say "rough island story."

Mind you, this same gallant spirit is under attack all the time—long-haired cranks; most of them, like the type of footballer who makes bold to suggest that just because the Scots, if you please, find it all right to pay star salaries to star players, the English might try out the same system. Pernicious twaddle, of course—but you need a strong infusion of the spirit of old Ivan the Muscovy Doctor to stand up to that kind of insinuation, carrying with it the implication that something applicable to Scotland, a far off country of which we know little, might be somehow "worth trying" in England.

Just recently some of these subversives have been muttering about Why can't we have a decimal coinage? Why not a National Lottery?

The answer to Point One—if one may dignify it with the name of "Point"—is that it would be far too much trouble to change over the slot-machines, and that's that. The argument that the Australians are going to do it, and all that stuff about facilitating our international trade, are therefore irrelevant.

As for the National Lottery—as distinct from Ernie, who is English and moderate in his habits, thus doing no harm—it is true that the Irish maintain a magnificent hospital system out of theirs, and the French and Italian exchequers pull in a lot of useful cash from

theirs. Let them. There are experts to prove that in England the effect would be to poison the life of the entire nation with gambling fever.

Most Englishmen—being, in the expert view, more prone to financial hysteria than any other nationals—would either stop work altogether and lie abed waiting for the draw, or put every penny they earned by their toil into lottery tickets while their families starved. (The national lotteries are of course the reason why you rarely find a Frenchman or Irishman—let alone an Italian—supporting his family. Interviewed by an expert, a typical Irishwoman said: "Sure, 'tis the blessed Sweep's the ruin of us all." An equally typical Frenchwoman, speaking to another expert, said "*Oo-la-la, cette sale Lotterie.*" An Italian woman testified that the Lottery is the cause of the Montesi case, the miserable condition of Calabria, and *La dolce Vita*—with all that that implies.)

Though the soul of the Muscovite medico has taken some nasty knocks, it goes marching on. As recently as the 1920s, the consensus among him and his colleagues was that whatever the United States might see fit to do about Hire Purchase, its extension on a large scale in England was thoroughly undesirable. English people simply did not have the intelligence, self-control or stamina to be trusted with a technique of that kind. The resistance of the sages was, as we all know, broken down. But on the news the other day that attempts are being made to introduce a credit-register to make the H.P. system work more efficiently, the wise men were not slow to point out that—never mind the Yanks—the result in England, English people being what they are, would be to introduce into all phases of commercial life the worst features of the Gestapo and the dreaded *OGPU*.

The fact appears to be that, given the English character, all trends are dangerous and many disastrous. Consider, for example, what would happen were a leading American motor concern to take over a big British motor concern. It would be, quite frankly, just about the end of England as we know it. Being Americans, the new owners would quite likely scrap the whole works, just for the fun of it, and regardless of the financial loss involved. Even should they stop short of that they—having no interest at all in the huge British market—would cease to manufacture at the English plant the kind of car that English men and women have learnt to love. These helots would soon find themselves trying to get to the seaside through Devon lanes in a vehicle as long as a railway engine and broad as a bus.

As for the workers in the industry, their unions would naturally be dissolved, their pay packets half-emptied, their hours lengthened, their speed of work accelerated beyond the limit of human endurance. It's no use nattering that

the American automobile workers are among the most highly organized and highly paid in the country. Take it from me, unless that kind of American take-over were nipped in the bud, the English workers would passively relapse into virtual slavery.

A man with the Right Spirit was making this point pretty emphatically the other day when some busybody had the impudence to inquire whether these had, in point of fact, been the results of the kind of take-over under discussion: "I was thinking," he said, "about the time in 1924 when General Motors took over Vauxhall."

One senses the kind of unthinking, carping criticism that people who are out to save England for the English, and the English from themselves, are up against. Good heavens, if this is the line people are going to adopt, one might as well say that the defenders of our way of life were somehow wrong when they said that serve-yourself supermarkets would never work in England because the customers were so dishonest and the available staff so purblind that in England such an institution would be robbed to the last frozen bean before the first day was out.

The fact has to be faced that in many harbouring places and breeding grounds abroad there lurk certain types of what are termed "amenities" which a moment's carelessness, or relaxation of vigilance, may permit to infiltrate here.

By way of inspiration to those who may feel that all is lost, and that sooner or later ill-affected elements may even secure permission for Englishmen to drink with as little restriction as the unhappy French, I commend the staunch remark of one of the porters at Albany, Piccadilly, where I was residing briefly during the war. One day, as a V-1's engine cut out almost overhead, I threw myself on the floor of the porter's lodge. "It's all right, sir," he said, his *hauteur* combined with contempt, "they won't come here, sir."

Let this be our hope and slogan as we view the growth of this or that facility, amenity or other so-called improvement in social living in lands across the sea.



A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and hat standing in a lush glasshouse filled with tropical plants. The man is standing in the center-right of the frame, looking towards the camera. He is wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, a dark tie, and a fedora. The glasshouse is filled with various tropical plants, including large-leafed plants and palm trees. The structure of the glasshouse is visible, with wooden beams and glass panes. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

WHERE WINTER BLOOMS

*January in Hyde Park's glasshouses
looks forward to June
in Whitehall*

WHERE
WINTER
BLOOMS
continued



WHEN Whitehall's windowboxes blossom overnight in springtime, it is no happy kink of nature that makes the transformation possible. Plants destined to decorate official Government offices come, naturally enough, from an official Government source. While winter snaps around Hyde Park, a four-acre oasis of glasshouses is maintained at sub-tropical heat. The man who keeps the heat on is Thomas Charteris Barbour (seen overleaf contemplating the almost tropical exuberance of the hothouse), a Scot who in 30 years south has become Superintendent of the Royal Parks. There's more to his job than one would think. Apart from keeping his eye on a small staff and thousands of plants, and watching the floral development of such places as Grosvenor Square, Mr. Barbour also has a hand in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, Clarence House and Marlborough House. It is a job which keeps him in a summer temperature all the time, but it is not until March that the first flowers of Mr. Barbour's steam-heat winter emerge from their hothouse pampering to enliven faded façades, and expose their fragile petals to the diesel fumes of the capital.



Taking a brisk stroll in The Dell, the Superintendent of the Royal Parks has a shotgun under his arm and a dog in attendance (above). There may be a rabbit to pot—an unexpected diversion from the responsibility of cultivating Royal and Government flowers. Plants must be loaded carefully for transportation to one of any number of official residences (top), and cuttings must be tended with understanding each day (left). Opposite: Mr. Barbour discusses the problem of plant disease with his deputy, Mr. J. Murray. A magnifying glass detects the slight discoloration which means a flawed bloom



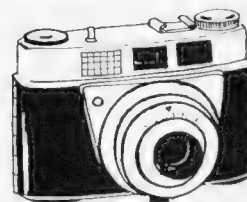
Light on snaps when lumens are low

BY ROGER HILL

ABOUT THE TIME FOXHUNTING STARTS a close season descends on the amateur photographer. The camera goes into hibernation like a tortoise and rarely emerges before the following Easter. Examination of any family album will confirm this (and a family album is something you don't often have to ask more than once to be shown). There are always plenty of glamorous beach shots from Majorca or Rhodes, some summer scenes in the garden, and often some ambitiously angled views of the house from its most favourable aspect during a heat wave. But from the average selection of snaps you would never guess that such a thing as winter happens in England at all. The explanation of this curious hiatus is that it is usually too wet or too gloomy to take wintertime snaps outside and the casual amateur remains convinced that it's impossible indoors without expensive accessories. Thirty years ago this wouldn't have been so far out, but nowadays films are so much faster and cameras so much simpler to operate that indoor snaps can be taken at any time of the day or night without fuss. The pictures on these pages were taken with two simple cameras and without any elaborate preparation or posing. Anybody who can point a camera and press a button could have taken them, but if you're the type who must have reassurance ask a confident girl photographer—she's less likely not to be able to see the shutter for the *f*-numbers.



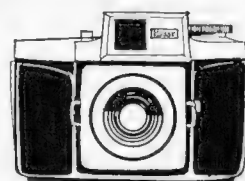
Pets don't co-operate. Once you have caught the beast, really the only thing to remember is that you must take lots of shots. Many will be blurred, but one or two happy ones will emerge. (Film: Plus-X. Camera: Exakta 35 mm.)



The Retinette 1B. A built-in exposure meter tells you the aperture and shutter settings. £25 16s. : d.



*City lights provide a ready-made pattern of shadow and shape. Though the scene is stationary, take several shots, varying the exposure, and something like this will result. (Film: Plus-X. Camera, on tripod, Retinette. 30-sec. exposure, *f*4.)*



The Kodak Cresta is the up-to-date version of the Box Brownie. Excellent indoors with a medium-speed film and flash, or just a very fast film. 42s. 5d.



Don't line up the family on the settee. Record natural incidents of the household round—if you can call a man at the sink natural. (Film: Royal-X, pan. Camera, handheld, Kodak Cresta III. Fixed exposure. No artificial light.)



Young children are dead easy to photograph as they're not self-conscious. Let them have a look at the camera first and then it's plain shooting. (Film: Tri-X pan. Camera, handheld, Retinette 1B, 1/15th sec. at f2.8. Room lighting.)



Get in as close as you can. This would have been better if I had. Untidy fragments round the edges can't be helped—professionals trim them off afterwards. (Film: Royal-X. Camera, handheld, fixed shutter, Cresta III. Midday light.)



Just to show how easy it is indoors, this was taken by my niece, aged three. It might have been a winner if she'd managed to get the face in the picture too. (Film: Verichrome pan. Cresta III. P.F.I. flashlamp. Fixed exposure.)

LORD KILBRACKEN

My lords, I'll be seeing you

TILL just the other year, little (if anything) was constitutionally expected of a Peer of the Realm. In fact, of the rights, privileges, pre-eminences, immunities and advantages, which are mentioned in a delightfully vague way in my Letters Patent, the immunities have been much more conspicuous than anything else—immunity from voting, or from becoming Prime Minister, for example. (The right of being hanged with a silken cord is one which I hope to evade.)

The privilege, furthermore, of sitting and voting in the House, let alone of actually speaking, has been blandly disregarded for many decades by many noble lords—the backwoodsmen as we are called, for I number myself among them—who have been content to leave this business of legislation to the hard core of professionals. Even this hard core has not been outstandingly conscientious: it takes only three peers to constitute a quorum, and attendance has frequently failed to reach double figures.

We backwoodsmen had enough work of our own to keep us fully occupied, or we were seldom within convenient reach of Westminster, or both; and the hard core, moreover, were perfectly content (or so it always seemed) that things should continue that way. Nothing was ever done or said to make us feel that we were neglecting our duties—for which no reciprocal rights were plainly visible—in failing to occupy one of those plush red leather seats more than occasionally.

Now that has all been changed. A couple of years ago, the House adopted a Standing Order about sitting. (It should really have been called a Sitting Order.) It stated that “Lords *are to attend* (my italics) the sittings of the House or, if they cannot do so, obtain leave of absence, which the House may grant at pleasure.” And once a noble lord had obtained this leave of absence, he would be debarred from sitting for the remainder of the session, or, if he so

chose, for the remainder of the Parliament.

This seemed peremptory enough, and scores of peers immediately forswore their main, if not their only, constitutional privilege. In fact, when I investigated matters a few weeks later, I discovered that no fewer than 236—more than a quarter of the whole house—had applied for this leave of absence and had consequently disqualified themselves. A minor constitutional revolution had taken place, with hardly anyone knowing about it; and I have little doubt that the number of self-disqualified peers is now even higher.

Well, *I'm* still not among them. I thought it over and decided, however irrationally, that I wished to hold on to my right of “going down to the House” as and when I felt like it, if it was possible (and legal) for me to do so. And, when I studied the Standing Order, I found what I took to be a loophole: it was stated that the Order “shall not be understood as *requiring* a Lord who is unable to attend regularly to apply for leave of absence if he proposes to attend *as often as he reasonably can*.” (My italics again.)

Everything depends on the interpretation of that word *reasonably*. In the ten years I've been a peer, I've attended their Lordships' deliberations about half-a-dozen times, and I've never voted or spoken. This may seem a sorry record, but I suggest, in defence, that it may be more “reasonable” than appears at first sight. The Select Committee on Leave of Absence, in their report which led to the adoption of the Standing Order, stated that they had “taken account of the position of Peers who are engaged whole-time in the professions and in industry” and had realized that these are “unable to devote more than a partial service to the House.” They consequently allowed that peers in this position “need not feel themselves under any obligation” to apply for leave of absence.

I think I may say that I am engaged whole-

time in the professions *and* in industry. Besides, I live in a foreign country; my visits to London are now few, and often only for two or three busy days. Sometimes I get as far as putting “House of Lords” on my list of things to be done, but it almost always seems to get squeezed out by more immediate, more pressing engagements. Also, when I *am* in London for more than a day or two, it somehow seems always to happen that their Lordships are on vacation.

I recognize, however, that my service to the House has been rather less than “partial.”

Soon after the adoption of the Standing Order, I wrote to the Lord Chancellor, explaining my position and stating that I really did not wish to disqualify myself unless *he* felt that I should do so. His private secretary, who happened to be an old friend, replied that the L.C. “would most certainly agree” with my interpretation of the spirit of the Standing Order, and that as long as I intended to come when *and if* my duties in Ireland allowed, I would not be under any obligation to apply for leave of absence. This was reassuring; my duties in Ireland practically never end. Full of good intentions, I actually got as far as sitting once the following month; but I only seem to have managed to do so once or twice since then.

This, I admit, simply isn't good enough. With hereditary peerages almost a thing of the past, and with hundreds of deadwood peers voluntarily eliminated, the Upper House has silently taken on a virile new look, and I want to be part of it. If I stay away any longer, my service will become partial to the point of non-existence, and my conscience will compel me to stay away for good. So I intend to make a real effort to be a good lord in 1961. And I've made my resolution taking into account all the distractions and difficulties (and the fact that I'm never much good at keeping New Year resolutions): This year I will sit *at least three times*.



RAINVAIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID BAILEY

As England seems to go on getting wetter (we've just been told officially that last year was the wettest since . . . well, it's not important) it's some comfort that rainwear goes on getting prettier. Say what you like about SuperMac, but it's certainly the age of super macs. They've even got the proofing process so perfected that it's almost impossible to tell when a coat is a raincoat, especially as there are so often unexpected fur trimmings. Materials too are unexpected. The fashion leader is leather, *real* leather but proofed of course. (Warning: Never fall for a substitute. It won't fool a soul.) So though damp days may be dreary, at least a woman can look dashing. Nowadays when it comes to vanity it rains in vain

Two raincoats, one for the country, the other for town, and both exciting enough to be worn on fine days as well. Made of showerproof iridescent cotton gaberdine, they have a quilted lining. The country coat (left) is beige and has a racoon collar. The town coat is midnight blue and has a roll collar of black dyed musquash. Both coats can be bought at Aquascutum, Regent Street, W.1, and Bristol. Price: 22 gns. each



RAINVAIN

CONTINUED

Stay sophisticated in bronze Nappa lamb leather, proofed to keep out the weather and remain supremely elegant.

The barrel-shaped jacket tapers over a slim skirt, and the large collar of toning fox is detachable. A Paul Blanche suit at Fifth Avenue, Regent Street, W.1. Price (without the fur collar): 31 gns.; with collar, 71 gns.

A shower coat that doubles as a country coat
is this classic brown and white shepherd's check cut on raglan
lines. Reversed in grey-green poplin, this practical coat
reversible. From Burberry's, Haymarket, S.W.1, and
appointed Burberry retailers throughout the country.

Price: 17 gns. (Coats can be reproofed at
Burberry's for one guinea)





Insure against spring showers with this waterproofed pink and white pin-striped cotton, a material exclusive to the makers, Wahls of Sweden. As youthful as it is practical, this gay collarless coat with its huge patch pockets is lined throughout in a showerproof material. Available mid-February for £13 at Simpsons, Piccadilly, Young & Gay dept.; Dalys, Glasgow; Miss Mayfair, Winchester.

The white leather beret by Chez Elle on sale at Barnett Hutton, Oxford St., W.1. Price 8 gns.



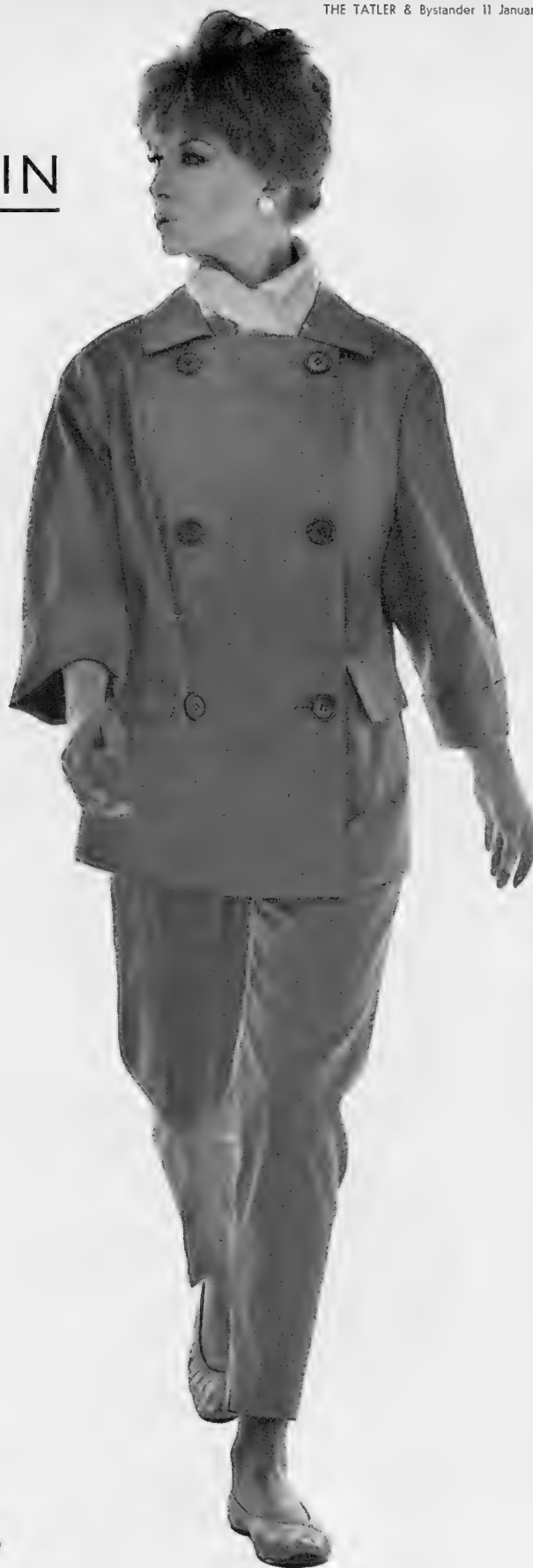
Wash out this raincoat whenever it gets grubby—but use only soap suds (no detergents). This trench coat from Boussac, greatest name in French textiles, is in sky-blue cloth, exclusive to the makers, and permanently proofed. Can be worn without its belt and with a triangular head-scarf which can also be worn as a cravat. At 10 gns. from Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, W.1; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Williams & Cox, Torquay. The leather beret from Chez Elle, on sale at Liberty's, Regent Street, W.1, costs 8 gns.

RAINVAIN

CONTINUED



Look original in the rain with the jutting hip-pockets and slotted belt of this poplin coat by Anglomag of Denmark, a make noted for high styling. With it comes an Italian striped cotton scarf, also used for the lining. Treated with Scotchgard, a new process with water- and stain-repellent qualities, the coat can be washed or cleaned. At £15 from Simpsons, Piccadilly, Young & Gay dept.; J. R. Taylor, St. Annes-on-Sea; Evan Roberts, Cardiff. The leather beret, another from Chez Elle, can be bought at Libertys, Regent Street, for 8 gns.




Keep the contemporary young idiom even on wet days in matching slate-blue trousers and jacket of proofed slub cotton. The double-breasted, easy-fitting jacket is lined throughout and the pants are tapering. The suit is from Wahls of Sweden and will be on sale at Merle, Thurloe Street, South Kensington, in mid-February. Jacket, £10 5s. 0d.; trousers, £3 19s. 6d. Silk scarf by Ascher



A new idea in rainwear is this two-piece suit, consisting of a short washable showerproof jacket (scarlet reversing to beige) teamed with a matching proofed cotton gaberdine skirt. Both are made by Charles Macintosh. The Army & Navy Stores have the jacket, and the skirt can be found there in the skirt department. Also at the West of England Rubber Co., Exeter. Prices: jacket, £4 5s. Skirt, 2 gns. White leather beret by Chez Elle on sale at Barnett Hutton, Oxford Street, W.1. At left: A showerproof coat with matching attached hood, in deep bottle green shot poplin, reversing to beige. Can be worn with belt, and the revers and turn-back of the cuffs show the reverse of the cloth. Imported by Continental Fashions and on sale for 11 gns. at Barnett Hutton, Oxford Street, W. ; Rackhams, Birmingham; Brights, Bristol

RAINVAIN

CONCLUDED



Keeping this for rainy days only would be sheer extravagance, for this model coat is just as effective worn as a greatcoat on smart occasions. It's in proofed satin, dark olive. There's a full lining of warm alpaca fur fabric and a snug collar in grey lamb. Styled on the autumn Paris collections, this coat is at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Price: 27 gns.

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE:
MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM:
DON JARVIS

reconnoitres new shops



THE LIVING-ROOM, 67 Pimlico Road, S.W.1 . . . practical but pretty. A boutique for the overflowing ideas of Charles Howard. Many objects exclusive to them—gilt door handles, finger plates, curtain tie-backs. Column lamps can be marbleized to colour choice (£7 10s.), gilt wall brackets with Charles Howard's own motif of sword and oak leaves (seen above). Sofas and chairs made and covered to order; chimney-pieces and grates of original design.



DESIGNS OF SCANDINAVIA, 95-97 Regent Street, W.1 . . . firstly an agency for selling famous Norwegian Porsgrund translucent china (in foreground as a white dinner service; price: place setting £1 15s. 6d.). Besides this, a magnetic display, on two floors, of Scandinavian glass, oven-to-tableware, stainless steel, woodware, cutlery and linen. Shown against a background of smoothly sand-blown spruce, lit to perfection. Prices vary—some things are extremely reasonable, others less so. Most interesting shop from all aspects to open in London for many months.



BALLY BOUTIQUE, 132 King's Road, S.W.3 . . . recently opened glamorous shoe shop, filled with infinitely sophisticated and *avant-garde* shoes of all styles. Some made by Bally (a scattering of which are seen to the fore of picture), a number being similar to those made for their Madeleine Boutique in Paris—other shoes French, Italian, American: an amusing French "*bottine*" by Petit Prince in white leather (right) with a "*filet*" of gold thread lacing it up, 5 gns. Besides shoes, there are handbags by Gucci of Florence, jewellery by Adrien Mann and toilet waters by Hermès for men. A small department for men will be opened soon. Shoe-shopping in a light-hearted atmosphere.



MACMILLAN & GENTLE, 108 Kensington Church Street, W.8 . . . an antique shop started by two enterprising young men who choose their antiques with great skill and taste, not necessarily because they "amuse." Macmillan is interested in English, Continental and Chinese porcelain and works of art: Gentle specializes in English and French furniture of 18th and early 19th centuries—he tries not to buy Victoriana. Always a good selection of tables and they try to have an excellent set of chairs. Pictures chosen for attraction rather than value. Prices are those which one expects to pay for first-class antiques nowadays, e.g. the Sheraton mahogany half-round commode, £250.



The play

Twelfth Night. Aldwych Theatre. (Derek Godfrey, Dorothy Tutin, Geraldine McEwan, Patrick Wymark, Richard Johnson, Eric Porter.)

The film

Swiss Family Robinson. Director: Ken Annakin. (John Mills, Michael McGuire, James Robertson, Janet Munro, Kevin Stanger, Tommy Kirk, Sessue Hayakawa.)

Books

- White Nile**, by Alan Moore-Hamish Hamilton, 25s.)
- In Clover**, by Richard Braithwaite. (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)
- Wisdom of Buddhism**, by Alan Watts. (Humphreys, 21s.)
- London & Moscow, and Spanish Days**, by Casanova, tr. Arthur Casanova. (Elek, 35s. each.)
- Streak**, by Brian Glanville. (Corgi & Warburg, 15s.)

The records

- Claude Bolling plays Duke Ellington**, by Claude Bolling.
- Helen Humes.**
- The Instruments of the Dance Orchestra**, by Ted Heath.
- Blow Arnett, Blow**, by Arnett Cobb.

The galleries

The John Hay Whitney Collection. Tate Gallery.

VERDICTS



Not-so-glorious Twelfth

MR. PETER HALL TOOK A CALCULATED risk by opening the Stratford-upon-Avon company's tenancy of the Aldwych with the difficult *Duchess of Malfi*. He got by, if only by a narrow margin. One would have thought that there was hardly any risk in choosing for the second production a *Twelfth Night* that had run successfully through two seasons at Stratford and travelled during the intervening winter as far as Moscow. Surely just the thing to show stay-at-home Londoners how lavishly Shakespearian comedy is put on at the Avonside Memorial Theatre.

That, unfortunately, is not how it works out. Londoners find themselves confronted with a production that has gone on too long and grown overripe, and they go away wondering if they have given too much credit to travellers' tales of Stratford as a throbbing mainspring of Shakespearian interpretation.

There is a single cause, I think, for the possible misunderstanding. Mr. Hall seems not to have realized that the best of theatrical productions needs to be kept in constant repair. This is particularly true of *Twelfth Night* where the comic elements enrich and comment on the romantic elements, and the romantic attitude itself is gently mocked even while it is glorified. It is only too clear that the producer before staging the comedy in London as a specimen of what Stratford could do should have stood well back and considered apart the delicate adjustments on which his original production depended. He then aimed to broaden the comedy without undue detriment to the romance, and he fixed his attention on Olivia, obviously being of the

opinion that as usually presented she is a rather boring character.

Miss Geraldine McEwan was at hand to implement Mr. Hall's idea of this lady's true quality. She gave a deliciously wicked impersonation of a squeaking, teetering spoiled rich girl who, leaping with alacrity out of her sentimental pose of inconsolable grief, falls capriciously for the first fairy prince she sees and is petulantly taken aback to discover that her charms have not the slightest effect upon him. This performance delighted Stratford audiences two years ago, and at its first impact it delighted me, for it seemed to do no great harm to the balance of the comedy. Miss McEwan has returned to the company for the Aldwych production and her performance is, I suppose, much as it was. But there is an important difference. The delicate adjustments that left it somehow in balance have either been shifted or have been coarsened and what was formerly just permissible in its fun now seems blatantly impermissible.

I fancy that Mr. Hall has been misled by Miss McEwan's first success to make too much room for her burlesque of Olivia. I do not recollect that her original Orsino was quite such a mincing, languid fop as Mr. Derek Godfrey now makes him, and, paradoxically, this alteration, if alteration it is, weakens where it might be supposed to strengthen the part. Anyway, whatever the causes may be, Miss McEwan's Olivia, once triumphantly funny, is much less funny in the present production and her burlesque seems this time to leave too much of the romantic work to be done by Miss Dorothy Tutin.

Her Viola's grave and contemptuous rebukes of the fine lady's poses seem altogether wasted on one who has little dignity and less refinement and whose mischievously twitching lips hint that she knows well that she has no pretensions to either dignity or refinement. But Miss Tutin whose sensuousness is never in doubt beneath the surface of her urchin-like cheekiness carries her heavy burden well, and it is her boyish romantic charm that is the evening's chief grace.

Mr. Eric Porter's Malvolio wins our comic disapproval and Mr. Richard Johnson's Aguecheek our comic approval, but both are curiously colourless, and Mr. Patrick Wymark's Sir Toby is likewise subdued. The humour is thought, mistakenly, to be safe with the burlesqued Olivia. Mr. Max Adrian, on the other hand, is made in the interests of romance to bear a heavier load of human woe than even a disillusioned professional jester may be expected to bear.



DOUGLAS JEFFERY

LOVER'S TIFF (top) between Peg and Loll (Patricia Healey & Peter Fraser). Above: Peg's father (Garfield Morgan) and Cross-Lane Nora (Diana Coupland) warn Loll to watch his step. From *The Lion In Love*, at the Royal Court Theatre to 21 Jan.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

The Swiss Family Disney

AS THE HOLS APPROACHED AND THE problem of how to keep the kids happy loomed, countless mums and aunts could be seen anxiously scanning the horizon of the entertainment world for a Disney film. Pat on time and bang to rights came **Swiss Family Robinson**. Hooray for Mr. Walt Disney! He never lets us down. Here's a picture that will delight the young and can be relied upon not to bore their elders.

It has an excellent cast, headed by Mr. John Mills and Miss Dorothy McGuire as Robinson père et mère, and as it was shot entirely on location—on the island of Tobago—it glows with tropical sunshine, in which your critic (fed up to the front teeth with London's rain and fog) bathed blissfully.

If I remember the book aright—it's 100 years or so since I read it—Mr. Robinson was a prosy old party, given to lecturing his family at length in a highly moral tone. He is here presented as a man of infinite resource and sagacity with a dry sense of humour—so one must give the scriptwriter, Mr. Lowell S. Hawley, credit for having improved upon the original story in this instance, though I am sorry he felt it necessary to introduce a spot of teenage love-interest: the scenes between pretty little Miss Janet Munro and the older Robinson boys (Messrs. James MacArthur and Tommy Kirk) are the only ones I could have done without.

Fleeing from a pirate vessel (captained by Mr. Sessue Hayakawa), the Robinsons are shipwrecked off the coast of a desert island. Under the instructions of Father, the three boys (sturdy Master Kevin Corcoran is the third) build a raft and they all come safely ashore—returning later to the ship to salvage everything of value, including a useful collection of livestock.

Since the island seems to be overrun with wild animals—tigers, elephants, zebra and what have you (all imported by Mr. Disney at reckless expense)—Mr. Robinson decides to house his family in a tree, out of harm's way. In less time than you could believe possible, the most gorgeous arboreal residence is built—a dream of a house, to inspire in juvenile architects a firm resolve to take to the woods.

Once they are settled in, it occurs to Messrs. MacArthur and Kirk that it would be a good idea to explore



RIDING A ZEBRA (top) in the mixed animals race in *Swiss Family Robinson* is Roberta (Janet Munro), lately rescued from pirates. Above: Resourceful Mr. Robinson (John Mills) gets his family (Dorothy McGuire, Kevin Corcoran, Tommy Kirk) to the island after the shipwreck on a do-it-yourself raft

the rest of the island: with their parents' blessing they set off. Their encounter with the dastardly pirates, whom they find encamped on the far side of the island and from whom they rescue a "boy" who turns out to be Miss Munro, sparks off a chain of thrilling adventures. The fight between Mr. MacArthur and a 19-foot anaconda in the middle of a swirling stream is perhaps the most hair-raising. (Mr. MacArthur, spurning the stunt-men, actually did wrestle with the beast himself, the brave lad!)

The return of the boys to the bosom of the family is celebrated with a grand gala, culminating in a mad race between the young people mounted variously on an ostrich, a zebra, a baby elephant and an

eminently mulish mule. It is tremendous fun—but the best is yet to come. When the pirates are seen to be advancing in their blood-thirsty hundreds upon the family, the valiant Robinsons and Miss Munro take up their positions on a cliff-top and beat the villains off with home-made weapons such as log-and-boulder hurling catapults and coconut bombs. This is a simply splendid rumpus which even I could enjoy hugely because, though scores of pirates undoubtedly bite the dust, I had the impression that nobody really got hurt.

Mr. Disney's latest contribution to the gaiety of nations is reputed to be his costliest. It is certainly one of his best—and it rounded off the old year most pleasantly for me.

On the whole, 1960 was a good

and stimulating year in the cinema—producing much that was worth remembering. I do not mean the "epics" such as *Spartacus*—which I found I could forget easily, once the stiffness in the hindquarters, which sitting through it induced, had worn off. I mean such down-to-earth pieces as *The Angry Silence* and *Saturday Night & Sunday Morning*, which reflected a new boldness and honesty in British film-making.

Of the foreign product, the strange and beautiful *Hiroshima Mon Amour* seems to me the most haunting—with M. Truffaut's poignant study of troubled boyhood, *The 400 Blows*, taking second place. *La Dolce Vita* and *L'Avventura*, Italy's chief contributions, cannot be dismissed from the mind, either—though I rather wish they could.

There were a number of individual performances which one recalls with joy: Mr. Peter Finch's superb Wilde in *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* heads my list. Signorina Sophia Loren in *It Happened in Naples* and *The Millionairess*, Mr. Noël Coward and Mr. Ernie Kovacs in *Our Man in Havana*, the adorable little Miss Hayley Mills in *Follyanna*, Mr. Albert Finney in *Saturday Night & Sunday Morning*, Miss Katharine Hepburn in *Suddenly Last Summer*, Miss Audrey Hepburn (and, again, Mr. Finch) in the beautifully directed film, *The Funniest Story*, Signorina Anna Magnani in *The Fugitive Kind*—these I shall not forget.

For sheer dramatic splendor, the Russian film, *The Bear's Plot*, stands supreme. In the documentary field, nothing could touch *Jazz On A Summer's Day*—and as far as the cartoon film is concerned, M. Henri Gue's divinely witty 16-minute frivolity, *La Joconde*, wins my award: indeed, I'm inclined to rate it my favourite film of the year from anywhere.

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

The Victorians in Africa

PUBLISHERS APPARENTLY FEELING as frowsty, unbobbish and malcontent during January as I do, they offer next to naught for your comfort, not to mention naught for your desire, at the cold time of year when a positive radiance in the bookshops would liven things up no end. So I shall regress a little and recommend some books I have recently overlooked—such as Alan Moorehead's superb *The White*

Nile, an enthralling account of Central African exploration in the second half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Moorehead, who must by now be bored by hearing about how irresistibly and with what a sense of drama and irony he writes, is also especially good about people, and communicates all of the magic that must have emanated from men like Burton and Gordon. The whole Gordon section is particularly fine, and I treasure Mr. Moorehead's chapter-titles (the crucial Gordon chapter is called "A Roof with a View") and the quotations he nabs for chapter-openings (in particular, Washington Irving's courteous little back-hander: "I would think twice of an Englishman's view of his neighbour but would trust implicitly his account of the upper reaches of the Nile").

The cry is "still they come," those doctors who have won for Richard Gordon so much fame and I trust fortune, and while the market lasts for those nifty little surgeon's kit-bags complete with plastic scalpels I don't see why he shouldn't continue to build up a nation-wide audience from seven-year-olds onward. *Doctor in Clover* advances the story of that cheery blade Dr. Ramsdyke, here involved with general practice, his cousin the general surgeon, a busty film star, and a medical novel which enables him to abandon medicine for ever. Dr. Spratt, the man who has seduced Mr. James Robertson, is to be freely associated in the popular mind with the image of a post-gastrectomy, is still extending his personality in bright blue slacks. St. Swithun's stands where it did, and Mr. Gordon's remarkable brio is undimmed. For every woman whose youth was slightly dog-eared by medical students, Ramsdyke is one of the finer fellows of our times. The only annoying thing is that one continues desperately to telephone one's doctor.

Those eager to get their teeth into something solid early in the year, there is *The Wisdom of Buddhism* edited by Christmas

Humphreys, the best British Buddhist we have. Though I feel timorously that little will assist me towards a better comprehension of Suchness, Not-Emptiness and the Truly So, many of the Zen question-&-answer dialogues are splendid stuff and often sound like the fiercer exchanges between Alice, the Dormouse and the March Hare. I hope that someone soon will come out with a Zen calendar with a small nugget for each day of the week, kicking off with, "Just train yourself in meditation to shut off both your subjectivity and your objectivity. Then you can shut off your subjectivity and melt into your objectivity, or shut off your objectivity and live in your subjectivity. When you can open both your subjectivity and your objectivity carrying your day's work smoothly and happily, you will be living in Zen." There's a thought for subjective/objective book-reviewers to chew over in their lonely little attics.

The fifth and sixth (and last) volumes in Casanova's colossal memoirs are now out—*In London & Moscow* and *Spanish Passions*, marvellously translated by Arthur Machen. The cunning old Munchausen of the mattress is by now, believe it or not, only 49, but has nasty dark circles round his eyes on the jackets and who can wonder, the most amazing thing being simply when he found time to catch up on his writing (his memoirs were written in his old age, but from the astonishing detail he enters into with such verve one must assume he either took notes at the time or had total recall).

By now, after six jumbo volumes, I feel—as practically everyone else did too during Casanova's first madcap half-century—that it's impossible not to capitulate. The man has such gusto, such energy and enthusiasm, such amazing reserves of hopefulness (never misplaced), such bouncing cheerfulness, such dedication to his talents, and such fundamental good manners. I don't believe the half of it, but even the other half would have

made for an exceptionally jolly life.

Brian Glanville, a young writer of much talent, has published a collection of short stories, *A Bad Streak*, brisk and biting and about subjects he knows at first-hand—football, Italy, Jewish middle-class life.

PS.: Mercedes de Acosta's book, which I reviewed on 21 December, is called *Here lies the heart* (Andre Deutsch). I mistakenly mentioned only the subtitle, "A tale of my life."

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

A pianist I'd like to import

I DO NOT NORMALLY MENTION records that are not available in England, but I cannot resist telling you about a most refreshing Fontana (French) album, *Claude Bolling plays Duke Ellington*. Pianist-bandleader Bolling is well-known in France, and it seems strange to me that his work is never released in England. His full-fisted rhythmic interpretations show power and confidence, and he is not ashamed to use his left hand. Perhaps Mr. Bolling will pay us a visit this year for one of the festivals.

For years there was a girl you could hear singing with the best bands. Her name was Helen Humes, and she worked with Basie and Harry James before the war. Then she faded into obscurity, only to emerge for the 1959 Newport show. Now she has made her first LP (LAC12245) with accomplished backing from Benny Carter on (unusually) trumpet, Teddy Edwards's fiery tenor, and the Previn-Manne-Vinnegar rhythm section. She has a marked individual style, which I think most people will like. Her treatment of

I got it bad and *Stardust* are especially pleasing, and I welcome this return to the recording scene after such a long absence.

Ted Heath's latest album is an interesting and instructive survey of the instruments of the modern dance band. His experience as an arranger and leader, as well as his active role as a trombonist for many years, makes him most suited to do this sort of presentation. It's odd, you know, that no one has ever done this before, at least not within my memory. Anyone who is at all interested in (or for that matter mystified by) the voicing of the dance band, whose instrumentation is to all intents and purposes the same as a big jazz band like Ellington's or Basie's, will find much enlightenment in this album.

The passage devoted to the mutes which can be fitted to the brass instruments to distort their sounds, a widespread practice in jazz, is particularly interesting, and the section which identifies the percussion instruments, which are legion, serves as a reminder that the drummer's lot is a hard one, both in terms of versatility and in the appalling task of transporting his kit from one engagement to another. Actual excerpts from arrangements are used to illustrate the main points, which Ted Heath introduces in person.

The narrow dividing line between jazz and rock 'n' roll is approached several times in Arnett Cobb's and Eddie Davis's *Blow Arnett, blow* (32-114). This, as its title implies, is a hard blowing session between the two tenor-men and Strehlen Davis working overtime at the Hammond organ. Both Arnett, who made his name with Lionel Hampton, and "Lockjaw" Davis, one time featured soloist with Basie, have that rough biting tone which has lately been associated with the more frenzied type of rock 'n' roll music. In this session they blow their heads off in the name of jazz, with precise swinging accompaniment which could leave no one but the uninitiated in any doubts as to the correct label for their music.

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LANCÔME

ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

Ambassador's choice

FOR A LONG TIME I HAVE BEEN thinking of writing in this column some sort of guide to the art of art-collecting. Always the chief barriers have been the wide scope of the subject and the enormous differences in the amounts of money people are prepared to spend in forming a collection. At one end is the man who wants original modern paintings but is able to buy them only because some galleries have hire-purchase or instalment arrangements in which repayments may be as small as £5 a month. At the other end are the shipping magnates and oil tycoons with limitless funds with which to outbid each other for paintings none of them really cares for, but which all covet as status symbols to be hung in the powder rooms of their yachts.

As a collector Mr. John Hay (Joek) Whitney, the retiring U.S. Ambassador in London, is a rare bird. Financially he belongs to the second group, but emotionally and instinctively he is of the first. The immediate overall impression of his pictures at the Tate Gallery is that they have been brought together by love. Despite their variety they seem to belong together. For, unlike most people with personal fortunes of "more than £35 million," and unlike the art expert who said, "I know all about art, but I don't know what I like," Mr. Joek Whitney clearly knows what he likes. What is more, he cannot be persuaded to buy anything he does not like. This is why the "art expert" can find gaps in the collection that weaken it from an academic point of view. For instance, though it is strong in Fauves, Marquet is conspicuously absent. Mr. John Rewald, art adviser to the collector, once tried to rectify this, but Mr. Whitney didn't like Marquet, so that was that.

A multi-millionaire is, of course, in a strong position to play the I-know-what-I-like game as a collector. It must be nice to be able to buy expensive pictures without having to bother about their value as investments. But the principle is equally right for the collector of restricted means, provided that all the time he is enlarging his experience and knowledge of art.

Whether Mr. Whitney is, in fact, still doing this it is difficult to say. His art education appears to have come to a stop with the Fauves. A

single small Cubist work by Picasso seems to mark the absolute boundary of his experience and to suggest some sort of blind spot where abstract painting is concerned. It is a blind spot still shared by the vast majority of people, and for this reason what is essentially a personal collection formed by one man (and his wife) is proving immensely popular.

Much has been written about its most outstanding treasures—the Renoir *Bal au Moulin De La Galette*, Gauguin's *Parau Parau*, Picasso's *Garçon à la pipe*, Toulouse-Lautrec's *Marcelle Lender dansant le bolero*, one of the best of Van Gogh's self-portraits and a superb Cézanne still-life. Less has been said about Boudin's unexpected flower-pieces, Degas' vivid race scenes, the early Matisse, Braques and Dufys, the Manet or the Monet, the Courbet or the Utrillo, the Douanier Rousseau, or the Chardin still-life that has somehow slipped into the wrong century.

Virtually no notice at all has been taken of the American paintings in the collection. Yet, since so little of American painting, apart from the most recent excrescences, is known to us, these are well worth attention. Of course we know the expatriates Whistler and Sargent (the latter is represented here by a strikingly Whistleresque portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson) and have long ago assigned them to appropriate pigeonholes. But of Winslow Homer, probably more widely appreciated in his own country than either of those two who got away, we know next to nothing. And of Thomas Eakins, even less.

It is to Homer and Eakins, and not to the cosmopolitan Whistler and Sargent, that we must look for a fair picture of the state of painting in America at the time when Impressionism and Post-Impressionism were dominant in Europe. Having done so it would be easy to draw the conclusion that American painting at the end of the 19th century was a puny weed compared with the magnificent flowering in France.

Yet, bearing in mind how cut off they were, it is remarkable what Homer and Eakins, at least, achieved. In the Whitney Collection there is a Homer, *Woodchopper in the Adirondacks*, whose deftness and sense of light is Corot-like, and an Eakins, *Baby at play*, that is strongly reminiscent of Courbet (whose work Eakins must have seen while studying in Paris).

Unfortunately neither picture is especially characteristic of its artist, but each shows a way of looking at nature and a skill in handling paint that are none the less admirable for being temporarily out of fashion. My guess is that these two artists will be remembered long after the great American gimmick-painters of today are dead, buried and, thank heaven, forgotten.



RAYMOND PORT

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

STANDARD LAMPS, LIKE STREET lights, have ceased to be things of beauty. There would seem to be no valid excuse for not designing a beautiful street light or an even more beautiful standard lamp. The means of lighting a room is an important feature in the general décor and I don't see why it should so often be hidden unless it is that there are no modern designs worth seeing. Of course our ancestors could not hide their candles behind pelmets, so that candlestands had to be decorative features in themselves and conform to the general design of the room and to the current fashion. They also had to be moveable.

So furniture designers let themselves go with candlestands much as they did with wall mirrors and overmantels. Chinese, Gothic and stately classical stands flowed from their drawing boards—some too fantastic ever to be made—but many of great elegance and beauty. Candlestands did not come into general use until after the Restoration but they remained an essential piece of furniture for the next two centuries. The variety of designs is remarkable, as may be seen in most of the great houses open to the public. One of the most fabulous

sets is of four with pillars of Kang H'si porcelain from the collection of Her Majesty The Queen and now at home again in the Royal Pavilion at Brighton. And perhaps the most fantastic is a pair from a design of Thomas Johnson's and now in the Victoria & Albert Museum. These are of stained pine with rococo carving and painted entwined dolphins round the stem, and leafy metal candle branches representing the natural branches of a tree.

I show three rather more sober examples from Messrs. Blairman & Son of Grafton Street, Mayfair. On the left is a beautiful early pair in delicately carved walnut; in the centre is one of a pair of painted and gilt candlestands of the Chippendale period with rustic naturalistic decoration, and on the right a typical pair of carved and giltwood stands of Adam design, each concave strut surmounted with a goat's head joined by swags of foliage and garrya husks. Each example is typical of its period—1730, 1760 and 1780.

On these stands stood candelabra. Candelabra can nowadays be skillfully electrified. I would like to see more of them gracing the rooms of present-day houses.

GOOD LOOKS BY

ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Forties facts

Beauty doesn't stop being important in the forties, but the techniques change. Facts to take straight: dryness is caused by decreasing supplies of hormone . . . a gradual speeding-up of normal routine works better than a sudden spurt inspired by passing the landmark . . . easy carriage of facial muscles is as important as posture . . . for a face reflects the way you feel . . . muscle tone declines as years increase, but one quick way to pep up muscles is a facial that brings almost instant reaction—a newer, prettier contour and texture to the face (it won't make a lasting impression, but a weekly appointment will) . . . muscles can be tightened electrically but only in the hands of an experienced technician . . . jumpy nerves often cause facial pleats—plenty of protein should help this by steadying nerves . . . butter and oranges will bring a smooth surface to the skin . . . tricky problems are solved in the climate of a salon—like the herbal-based philosophy at Simon of Knightsbridge, the advanced techniques of Michelle Ludgeon . . . slimming becomes progressively harder, so it's wise to count the cost now and take action—if willpower is low, go to a clinic where they'll work with you . . . avoid harsh, unnatural hair colour and concentrate on a subtle grey like pewter . . . favour the faintly pink foundations that pair with grey-toned hair. Otherwise play colour down and use a peaty, soft brown to shape eyes or, at the most, a brightish navy or sludge-green shadow

S N A G

Broken veins

S Y S T E M

Mask with a foundation that will counteract redness—like Revlon's Aqua Fleur in their Ultima range. Patch up small areas with a good cover cream like Arden's Covering Cream. Campaign with Lancôme's **Juvenale** for five or six weeks

Dehydrated skin, hair

Face the fact that skin will crinkle if it isn't caught in time. Never apply make-up without a petticoat of moisturizing lotion underneath (names: Charles of the Ritz **Skin Bloom**, Lancôme's **Frescabel**). Use a light but emollient foundation and take every speck off at night with another moisture agent (Revlon's **White Sable**, Estée Lauder's **All Purpose Cream**). Eye areas and neck will crease first, so overfeed them when you cream face. Dry hair must be continually pandered to with oil shampoos at the hairdresser, in between doses of conditioner at home. Try out **Shining Look**, **Vitapointe** and, newest, **Vital**

Effects of tiredness

Faster and more lethal than when you were 20. Hide darkness under eyes with a paler foundation, darker powder on top. If eyes are too deeply set, camouflage with white liner on lids under powder. Soak a strip of lint in witch hazel to enliven and freshen eyes or Elizabeth Arden's **Crystal Clear** eye drops add instant sparkle. Estée Lauder might make a golden promise come true with **Re-Nutriv** in its gilded jar—her smooth, creamy column of lipstick is luring for the forties in Porto Fino Rose. Never miss out on sleep and take small catnaps with feet up during the day—each investment brings a bonus of better looks



DINING IN

Helen Burke

The difference a cook makes

THERE ARE TWO DISTINCT WAYS OF preparing and serving a meal. Both are good. For the first, there is a cook in the kitchen and a parlour-maid in the dining-room. For the second, the dishes are so well planned that the hostess-cook can serve everything from an electric warmer.

With a cook available, one is almost certain to be served a traditional dinner such as I enjoyed recently in Cheshire. It is no longer a full-scale meal of soup, fish, meat, dessert and other courses, but a well-cooked three-course one. We had, for instance, a really good mushroom soup, a roasted home-produced chicken with all the trimmings which the home cook does not seem able to handle except on such occasions as Christmas, and a jam omelet, the like of which I doubt one would find in any good restaurant today.

We all know how to roast a bird, but that omelet would keep us out of the kitchen for too long a time to make it possible.

Two weeks later I had an equally enjoyable meal, cooked and served by my hostess. First there was a clear soup which, she confided to me afterwards, came from a can costing less than 2s. To this she had added that "must" of Victorian cookery, a little sherry. The *consommé* was followed by a braised boned, stuffed and rolled small shoulder of lamb with a garnish of tiny potatoes, really tiny carrots, whole small onions and peas. A small clove of garlic had been placed in the bottom of the casserole.

Before the meal, my hostess had cut the meat into slices, reassembled them in a large shallow *entrée* dish, surrounded them with the vegetables and poured the well-skimmed gravy over all. This dish, she remarked,

could wait (covered) for 15 to 20 minutes without damage. Incidentally, she had stuffed the joint with a breadcrumb filling flavoured with the last of her growing-mint, and very pleasant it was. There was no sweet but three excellent cheeses—an excellent piece of Canadian Black Diamond, the best Caerphilly I have come across for a long time and, rather new to this country, a small oval box of *Super Capricet des Dieux*. A comparatively easy "entertaining" meal, whose only cooking proper was the main course.

BRAISED OX TONGUE, if tongue is liked, makes a pleasant change. Trim a tongue which has been in butchers' brine for about 3 days. Wash it well, cover it with cold water and bring it to the boil. Drain and leave under running cold water for 5 minutes.

Meanwhile, melt 2 oz. butter in a frying-pan and cook a rasher of streaky bacon, cut in strips. Add the dried tongue and fry it to a warm brown all over. Brown, too, a sliced onion and a carrot, quartered lengthwise.

Transfer all to an oval iron casserole. Add a dessertspoon of tubed tomato *purée* (or 2 to 3 chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes), a *bouquet garni* and freshly-milled pepper to taste. Add a small glass of Madeira and cold water to cover. Bring to the boil, then transfer the dish to the oven and cook, closely covered, for 1½ to 2 hours at 325 to 350 degrees Fahr. or mark 3 to 4. After an hour or so

taste the stock and, if necessary, add a little salt.

Using the same frying-pan, fry 12 little onions to a warm gold. Add ¼ lb. whole small mushrooms and 6 to 8 very small whole carrots and shake them about to cook and colour a little.

Remove and skin the tongue. Return it to the casserole with the vegetables, cover again and cook for a further ¾ hour. Lift out the tongue and keep it hot while simmering the vegetables to reduce the stock a little, if necessary. Stir into the vegetables and stock a good teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a tablespoon of water. Bring to the boil and the sauce will clear at once. Slice the tongue diagonally and arrange the pieces in a row in a heated serving dish. Surround them with the drained vegetables.

Have ready heated through an A1 can of garden peas or cook a small packet of frozen peas. Scatter them over the vegetable garnish, sprinkle the lot with chopped parsley and serve the sauce separately in a heated gravy boat.

SWEET POTATOES are delicious with braised tongue.

For 4 servings, peel and boil 1½ to 1¾ lb. until they are cooked. Drain and mash them with 1 oz. butter, the juice and grated rind of an orange and seasoning to taste. Sprinkle with a little brown sugar and bake until they are glazed. If they do not glaze quickly enough, slip them under the grill to finish them off.



MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

THIS IS SAID TO BE THE AGE OF THE Common Man, but just how uncommon his requirements are can be seen at a glance in the racks of ready-made suits in London shops. The styling, cut and cloth can deceive many a steady customer of Savile Row. After all, an enormous amount of snobbery surrounds the made-to-measure suit. I agree that there may be a wider range of cloths to choose from, and that there is a special pleasure in the often Edwardian surroundings and the critical ritual of the fitting. But unless a man is of a peculiar shape or has peculiar ideas about linings, the off-the-peg suit is worth a try.

Not all ready-to-wear clothes are manufactured—some are made. The only difference is that a designer decides on the sort of style to be made up, and this style is interpreted through a wide range of shapes and sizes, with allowances being made for the difference in cut

required by a tall thin man and a short fat one.

Just as some Savile Row tailors are better thought of than others, so with the ready-to-wear tailors, and none is more highly regarded than Chester Barrie tailoring. This firm sells through selected shops—Harrods, Libertys and Hawkes of Savile Row sell them. Their clothes are *made* and the cloth is of fine quality. So are linings, pocketings, canvases and threads, and tremendous care is taken to pre-shrink the cloth and make sure dyes are fast.

At Chester Barrie's, a team of hand cutters cuts each garment individually, interpreting the designers' ideas to fashion the finished suit. The putting together of the pieces is painstaking and about 10,000 hand stitches are put into each coat. Before the final pressing of the completed coat the material is manipulated into shape with a hand iron to correct the form.

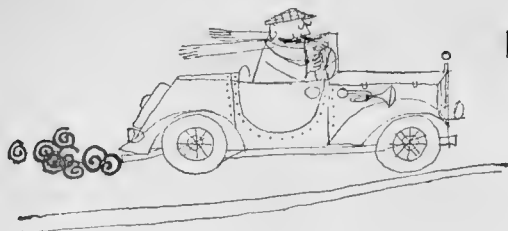
Then the coat can go on to its final pressing. A top-grade presser may finish only four jackets a day. But, as these clothes are made in a range of sizes that fit a number of men, not just one, the outcome is a well-dressed look for anything between £28 and £43, according to the cloth and whether you chose a two- or three-piece suit.

More adventurous for the younger man, perhaps, is an elegant and dashing suit for "young executives" at Harrods' Younger Man's shop. In dark worsteds, a three-piece suit costs £28 (or £24 without the waistcoat). I consider the waistcoat a bargain for £4, though, as it has tremendous character—postboy style, with the buttons grouped in twos. The cloth is a "covered" or "milled" worsted with a slight nap that is said not to get shiney, and the cut of the suit is slim and right up-to-the-minute. In February Harrods will have some lightweight worsteds to show in this style.

A new and interesting shop in the Strand, Richard Adam (who have branches outside London) have a tremendous range of ready-made suits. They make the clothes themselves in a slim style, and offer five fittings to a size instead of the more usual three. That is, portly and short-portly are added to short, regular or long. The firm boast that

they can fit anyone and can manage a 35-in. inside leg measurement. They will soon have some lightweight suitings, and their next order will have a slightly peaked lapel on a single-breasted suit, which sounds interesting. The trousers are made with provision for braces and also with a half-belt and zip buckle fastening.

It may be invidious to mention so few firms as specialists in ready-to-wear suits. Hawkes in Savile Row make such suits (as well as selling Chester Barrie's), and they can alter suits to individual requirements at no extra charge within three weeks. The famous Daks suits at Simpson's in Piccadilly need no description, and John Michael in Bond Street also have some excellent suits. All these shops make the alterations that are sometimes necessary—after all, look how often slight changes are necessary at the final fitting of a bespoke suit. In general it is easy to take in cloth along a seam to make a suit fit perfectly, though there are limits. For this reason a good suit is made with generous inlays that allow this kind of alteration. But I hope this article will encourage well-dressed men to experiment with ready-mades. I don't think anyone can afford to ignore the excellent value that is now available.



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

The millionth Minor

JUST AFTER THE END OF THE WAR I was one of the staff working on a new car, a light alloy six-seater with all-independent suspension, driven by an air-cooled engine at the rear, through an automatic transmission. One of our test drivers were out in the Cotswolds, changing a punctured tyre, when another prototype drew up. It was a neat little saloon with a flat four engine at the front and a new sort of independent front suspension. No word was said, but each of us took a long, hard professional look at the details of the other's car, then went on their way. The first car, which never went into production, was the Fedde. The second was developed into the Morris Minor, which has just become the first British car to reach production of one million units.

It was the first major work of Alec Issigonis who has since become more widely known as leader of the team which produced the Mini-minor, and into it he put the ideas he had developed as designer and driver of a revolutionary small racing car called the Lightweight Special. It was the first small Morris to adopt a unit body-chassis (which gives a stiff structure without unnecessary weight) and the first to have independent front suspension. The suspension was a surprising innovation at the time (a torsion bar connected to a transverse arm steadied by a short diagonal tie). It caused a lot of discussion, but similar systems have since been adopted by Chrysler and Fiat. One feature which could not be perfected in time for production was the flat four engine, and so when the car was revealed to the public at the end of 1948 it had the side-

valve 918 c.c. engine, plus a four-speed gearbox from the previous Series E model. Though the wheel-base was three inches shorter than on the previous Minor, the car offered more leg-room and the seats were three to four inches wider. The luggage trunk had a 7 cu. ft. capacity.

The first car came off the assembly line on 8 October, 1948, and in the next four years 171,021 were built; two-door saloons and convertibles. For 1951 a four-door saloon was produced, for export only. It had an interior light in the roof, ashtrays and armrests. All models were given bigger front wheel bearings, twin wipers, ducts for demisting, one-piece bumpers instead of the previous rather flimsy assembly of several pressings, and a renewable-element engine oil filter. For some time export models had been fitted with bigger headlamps in restyled front wings (instead of being mounted low down alongside the radiator grille) and this arrangement was later adopted for all production. With it came a grille of horizontal bars instead of square mesh. Other innovations which came first on export models were latex overlays for front seats and Hairlok at the rear, and stainless-steel window frames.

With the fusion of Austin and the Nuffield Corporation to form the B.M.C., steps were taken to rationalize production and for 1952 the Minor was given an engine and gearbox from the Austin A30; first in the export-only four-door saloon and later in all models. It was a smaller engine (803 c.c.) and had to be run faster, but there was an overall gain in performance. A station wagon was added to the



The record-breaking Minor comes off the final assembly line at Cowley

range and a new instrument panel was introduced with open spaces for packages instead of closed glove boxes. There was a damper for the steering rack to cut down road vibrations, and there was a better trunk lock (the first one could often be jerked open).

This Series II model ran for four years, during which 322,000 were built, bringing total production up to nearly half a million. One of them, driven by Ian Appleyard, ran from Rome to London in a day, averaging 45 m.p.h., and another did 10,000 miles in 10 days at the Goodwood track.

Then, in October, 1956, came the new 948 c.c. engine which was needed to keep the Minor competitive. It gave a 30 per cent increase in power, and, with adjustment to the axle ratio, a fast and effortless performance. Acceleration from 0-30 m.p.h. was possible in about 7.3 sec. and 0-50 in under 18, while maximum speed rose by 10 m.p.h. to over 73 m.p.h. Several cars completed an endurance test of 25,000 miles on German autobahnen at a 60 m.p.h. average with fuel consumptions of up to 40 miles to an imperial gallon.

Body changes included a one-piece curved windscreen to replace the two-piece vee-type, a larger rear window, new remote-control gear lever, new instrument panel with lids to glove boxes, padded edge to parcel shelf, press-button release for handbrake, recessed-centre safety steering wheel and a lever under it to work turn signals, with the horn button on the end. In April, 1957, range was increased by raising tank capacity from 5 to 6½ imp. gal. More than half a million of this Minor 1000 have been built, raising

total production to one million by 4 January.

Every Minor 1000 contains more than 20,000 pieces. The body structure alone is made from 834 pieces, which consume great quantities of steel, but production of the car and its components also draws on an infinite variety of other supplies; bauxite and beeswax, clay and cork, lead and limestone, mercury and mohair, sugar cane, soya beans, sulphur and silver, tin and turpentine, contributing to the prosperity of endless enterprises far removed from the car factories. Body shells are made at Nuffield Metal Products in Birmingham and transported to Cowley. From the moment they arrive until the completed car comes off the assembly line, takes just a little under three hours.

The Minor has never been the cheapest model in its class but nearly half the production has been exported, and it accounts for about a fifth of British home market sales in the under-1200 c.c. class. The millionth car was due to come off the lines just before the last Motor Show but was held up by strikes.

Moreover, while the Minor has been achieving its million the Volkswagen has gone rushing on towards the three million; Fiat have made well over one million Fiat 600s in five years; and the Dauphine, introduced much later, looks like reaching the million in much less time. So while it marks an important milestone for the British industry, the millionth Minor also serves as a reminder of the changed attitudes to production which are going to be enforced by fierce international competition in the next few years.



Weddings

Lawson—Worthington: Valerie, daughter of Sir Ralph Lawson, Bt., & Lady Lawson, of Brough Hall, Catterick, was married to Benjamin, son of the late Mr. Greville Worthington and the late Lady Diana Worthington, at St. Paulinus, Brough Park. *Back:* Emma Wood, the groom, the bride, Mr. Charles Worthington (best man), Victoria Haskard. *Middle:* Miss Francesca Vaux, Miss Rosemary Spencer, J. Dickenson, W. Ham, Miss Christine Bridgeman, Miss Jill Lawson. *On floor:* Amanda Vaux, P. Burbury, Mafra Lawson, Vanessa and Sarah Clark, Miranda Chaytor, J. Fife and Camilla Baring

Sandys—Dixon: Edwina, elder daughter of Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P., of Vincent Square, London, S.W.1, and of Mrs. Sandys, of Chester Row, S.W.1, was married to Piers John Shirley, only son of Sir Pierson Dixon, British Ambassador in Paris, & Lady Dixon, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, S.W.1



TOM HUSTLER

Nunneley—Pym: Phillada, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Nunneley, of Alexander Pl., S.W.7, was married to Martin, son of Maj. & Mrs. Alexander Pym, of Charing, Kent, at St. Bride's, Fleet St. *Back:* Maj. & Mrs. Pym, the groom, the bride, Mr. Francis Pym (best man), Mr. & Mrs. Nunneley. *Middle:* Miss Rosemary Austin, Ann Low, Miss Jennifer Nunneley. *On floor:* Jane Low, the Hon. Victoria Warrender, Martin Stanley and Alexandra Bell

TOM HUSTLER



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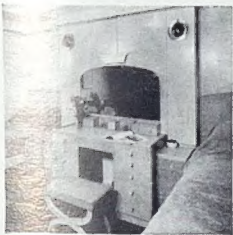
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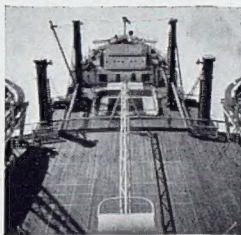
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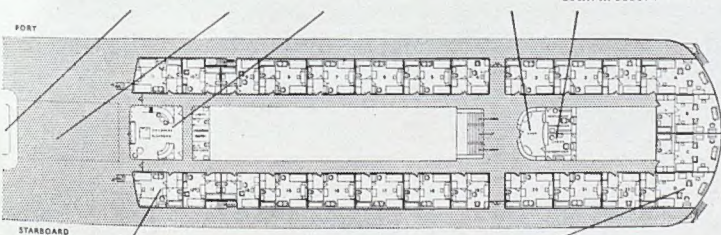
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